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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI'S call upon Sir Austen Chamberlain at Rapallo is an event of some significance. The habit of personal intercourse between the Foreign Ministers of different States has grown enormously since the war. Statesmen brought together at League of Nations meetings have learned the value of private conversation; and their Foreign Offices at home have come to regard such informal methods as inevitable, however much they may dislike them. It would be entirely natural therefore that the representatives of the two Locarno guarantors should meet and talk things over, even if they had no other interests in common. What gives a turn of importance and possible danger to the meeting is that it follows upon the Mosul decision, the Russo-Turkish agreement, and persistent rumours of Italian imperial ambitions in the East. There is, indeed, no reason why we should not discuss with Italy—a fellow-Member of the League Council—the measures necessary for the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Middle East, for the Turks will not be made less conciliatory by proofs that the League is united, but any encouragement of the idea of Italian expansion at Turkey's expense would be disastrous:

The formation of a new German Government has been postponed until after the Christmas holidays. Meanwhile the flood of political propaganda continues, and is complicated by the efforts of the extreme Nationalists to fight a rear-guard action over the question of League membership. Characteristically they are quite prepared to take their arguments from M. Tchitcherin, and to accept the Soviet view of Locarno as the first step towards a struggle between West and East. Moderate opinion is already displaying alarm lest the presence of extremists among the German representatives should give an opportunity for *sabotage* from within the League Secretariat itself, and Herr Georg Bernhard has published, in the *VOSSISCHE ZEITUNG*, an emphatic warning that the men to represent Germany in the offices of the League must be chosen solely for their political ability and tact, and not as party nominees. "Sensible" Nationalists will be

just as useful as "sensible" Socialists; but the German representatives must be men with a proper appreciation of international affairs and prepared to co-operate loyally in the work of the League.

Unfortunately, the League itself has supplied its enemies in Germany with ammunition. The December Council, which was so signally successful in its handling of the major issues which confronted it, committed in a minor sphere a gross blunder which may have serious consequences. Dr. van Hamel, who is notoriously pro-Polish and anti-German, has been appointed High Commissioner for the Free City of Danzig, a post for which an impartiality as between these two peoples should be an imperative qualification. There cannot have been any difficulty in finding dozens of competent Dutchmen, or men of other nationalities, who would satisfy this requirement in a reasonable degree; and it is difficult to see any adequate excuse for the Council's choice. What makes matters worse is that the appointment is for three years, whereas previous appointments have been for one year only. No action could have been better calculated to revive waning suspicions among reasonable Germans that the dice of the League will be loaded against their country; for it is inconceivable that an equally pronounced pro-German could have been appointed to the post. Indeed, though carelessness may have played a large part in the decision, it undoubtedly reflects the preponderating influence in the League which is exercised by France and her allies. This is really, of course, an additional argument for Germany joining as soon as possible, in order to counteract this bias. But it is not in this way that peoples usually react.

The curtain of obscurity which hides developments in Russia from the outside world has been blown aside during the past week, and the reports of the proceedings of the 14th Congress of the Communist Party make interesting reading. Two members of the all-powerful Central Committee, Kameneff and Zinovieff, are in revolt against their colleagues' policy, denouncing it publicly

as leading inevitably back to capitalism. Stalin, as the spokesman of the predominant section, after indicating that the official policy had two classes of opponents, (1) those who "underestimated the dangers of the present economic policy," and wanted more concessions to capitalism, and (2) the advocates of a return to militant Communism, added significantly that it was against the latter that the party must now concentrate its fire. It is evident that the Stalin group have effective control of the machine, and Kameneff and Zinovieff are now busy explaining that their public criticisms imply no breach of the essential party "discipline," and that the resolutions of the 14th Congress will, of course, be binding upon them. But these assurances have failed to placate their opponents, who have refused to allow Kameneff to present the report due from him on economic questions, and who indicate in this and other ways that the dissidents have committed a serious offence.

* * *

The upshot of the controversy will undoubtedly be the suppression of Kameneff and Zinovieff; but the episode is of interest from two points of view. In the first place, it probably marks the definite defeat of militant Communism; and perhaps the termination of the more truculent propagandist activities, inspired by the militant section, which have hitherto been allowed to go on side by side with a general policy of accommodation with which they were inconsistent. It may, in short, make it materially easier to put Russo-British relations on a less unsatisfactory footing. Secondly, the episode illustrates a cardinal, and perhaps ultimately a fatal, weakness of the Soviet *political* system. When the members of the omnipotent oligarchy differ seriously from one another, there is no satisfactory means by which the issue can be settled. Will a system by which policy is decided by what may be a bare majority of a Committee, renewing itself in effect by a process of co-option, and with no provision by which its decisions can be thrashed out in public discussion, prove permanently feasible?

* * *

The Committee of Civil Research has reported to the Cabinet on the application of the Iron and Steel Industry for Protection under the Safeguarding Regulations. The procedure of this Committee is modelled on that of the Committee of Imperial Defence, and neither the Report nor any of the evidence received will be published. Mr. Baldwin revealed, however, to the House of Commons last week that the evidence showed a serious situation.

"The pressure of foreign competition, aided by long hours, low wages, and depreciated currencies, is being severely felt by our manufacturers, and had his Majesty's Government been able to deal with the iron and steel industries in isolation we might have regarded the case for inquiry as complete. It became clear, however, in the course of our investigations, that the safeguarding of a basic industry of this magnitude would have repercussions of a far wider character, which might be held to be in conflict with our declaration in regard to a general tariff."

So Iron and Steel are not to be protected for the present; and as for a subsidy, which the Prime Minister once airily adumbrated as a possible way out for these industries, the idea is utterly discredited since Coal has got in first and emptied the till and queered the pitch. The result of the long inquiry appears therefore to be purely negative, unless any comfort can be derived from an assurance that "the Government will keep these industries under close observation, with a view to promoting

their well-being should any other measures be deemed desirable."

* * *

We have always regarded Iron and Steel and the Woollen and Worsted industries as the test cases for Mr. Baldwin's pledge, and we respect him for his decision to keep faith. But the worst of irrational pledges is that they produce irrational results. The duties already secured by minor industries under the Safeguarding Regulations are just as objectionable on general grounds as a duty on imported iron and steel. The only thing which can be said in their favour is that they are unimportant. But the logical outcome of the Safeguarding policy, as restricted by Mr. Baldwin's pledge, would be the gradual elimination of our great industries and their substitution by a heterogeneous mass of small trades. One of the qualifications for Protection required in the Safeguarding Regulations is that the industry should be of substantial importance; in practice, an essential qualification is clearly that of substantial unimportance. Coal and Cotton, Iron and Steel, and Shipping may die, but we must at all costs preserve our Lace and Cutlery, our Packing and Wrapping Paper, our Gloves and our Gas Mantles.

* * *

Events in China have taken a dramatic turn. On the one hand, Feng Yu-hsiang, after fighting of unusual severity, has captured Tientsin, and established his predominance in Chihli. On the other hand, Chang Tso-lin has turned on his rebel general Kuo Sung-ling, defeated, captured, and executed him. The defeated general's civil officials are being protected in the Japanese Consulate, and the Japanese Foreign Office state that their Consul at Mukden had obtained a promise of mercy for Kuo Sung-ling, but the messenger sent off by Chang apparently arrived too late. A report that the general's body was mutilated after his execution has badly damaged the prestige of the Manchurian War Lord in Japan. Meanwhile, the completeness of Chang Tso-lin's success has removed the threat to the working of the vital South Manchurian Railway, and the Japanese Government has already begun to withdraw the reinforcements sent for its protection. Chang's hold on Manchuria now appears to be secure. Feng Yu-hsiang's victory was less complete. His opponent, Li Ching-lin, succeeded in withdrawing forty thousand men in good order, with all their artillery, and is expected to join hands with the Tuchun of Shantung. Feng has thus further fighting before him, even if Chang Tso-lin should not again make a bid for control of the capital.

* * *

In these conditions, the Tariff Conference, which is still sitting at Peking, the appointment of Hsu Shih-ying as Prime Minister, and the announcement that the Cabinet is henceforth to be "responsible," and to carry out any reforms "in accordance with the wishes of the people," all have an air of make-believe. Until the Central Government is provided with resources which will enable it to enforce its authority, its decrees will have little value; and so long as the resources of the country are appropriated, for use in civil war, by the rival Tuchuns, no decisions of the Tariff Conference are likely to produce much effect. We have already stated our reasons for believing that, for the purpose of providing the Central Government with an adequate revenue and making possible a settlement with the provincial autocrats, a much more drastic financial reform will be necessary than anything contemplated by the Conference, and that the good offices of the League of

Nations might well be invoked in respect both of the financial problem and the question of extra-territoriality. We adhere to that view.

* * *

Australian politics are at least not lacking in incident. While the Commonwealth Government is trying to find a way out of the situation created by the decision of the High Court on the Deportation Act, New South Wales is in the throes of a constitutional crisis of its own. The elections last May gave the Labour Government, with forty-seven members in the Assembly, a majority of four over the Nationalists, Progressives, and Independents who form the Opposition. In the Legislative Council, a nominated body, the Government were in a minority. Mr. Lang accordingly advised the Governor to nominate twenty-five new Labour members of the Council, and Sir Dudley de Chair considered himself bound to act on the advice of his Ministers. The Government now propose to use their majority to abolish the Second Chamber entirely. The Opposition point out that, in the recent Federal elections, Labour was heavily defeated in New South Wales, and contend that a Government with a narrow and unstable majority has no right to introduce sweeping constitutional changes without a direct appeal to the people on the question, either at a new election or by referendum. We in this country may at least be thankful that our institutions give room for only one parliamentary crisis at a time.

* * *

The League of Nations is definitely preparing for two important conferences,—an International Economic Conference, and a Disarmament Conference. A technical Preparatory Committee is being appointed to arrange for the collection of information for the former Conference and to consider its programme, composition, rules of procedure, and date of meeting. This Committee is to consist partly of officers from the technical organizations of the League and the I.L.O.; partly of industrialists, agriculturalists, and economists, and partly of workers' and consumers' representatives. The appointments will be personal in character, and the issue of invitations to a representative list has already been authorized by the Council. No names will be published until acceptances have been received. To prepare for the Disarmament Conference an even more formidable body is being created. This will consist of Representatives of States Members of the Council, together with Representatives of countries occupying a special position as regards the problem of disarmament. A searching questionnaire has been drawn up by a Committee of the Council for discussion by this Preparatory Commission.

* * *

The production of this questionnaire proved a very delicate task,—Lord Cecil and M. Paul-Boncour in particular finding it very difficult to agree upon a formula which would insure that the working of Article XVI. and of Locarno was given due weight, without reopening the whole question of the Protocol. Ultimately seven questions were evolved. Question 1 deals with the definition of "armaments." Question 2 asks whether it is practicable to limit ultimate war strength, or if any measures must be confined to peace strength. Question 3 concerns the standards by which the armaments of one country can be measured against those of another. Question 4 asks whether there can be said to be "offensive" and "defensive" armaments. Question 5 (a) is concerned with the principle upon which a scale of armaments permissible to the various countries

might be drawn up. Question 5 (b) gets over the stile of Article XVI., and should be quoted in full:—

"Can the reduction of armaments be promoted by examining possible means for ensuring that the mutual assistance, economic and military, contemplated in Article XVI. of the Covenant, shall be brought quickly into operation as soon as an act of aggression has been committed?"

Question 6 is concerned with the distinction between civil and military aircraft; and Question 7 with the possibilities of regional disarmament. It is now clear that America will be represented on the Preparatory Commission, which certainly gains in importance thereby.

* * *

Neither the French nor the Spanish Government has shown any desire to take advantage of Captain Gordon Canning's presence in Paris as a representative of Abd-el-Krim. M. Briand has replied to a letter received from Captain Canning by a statement in the Chamber that he will have nothing to do with the Rifi leader's peace overtures. The Spanish Government are reported to be in favour of a demand for unconditional surrender, and to insist, in any event, on the retention of Ajdir, Abd-el-Krim's capital. This policy seems to be peculiarly short-sighted. The successful operations of last autumn have strengthened the position of the two Powers for the purposes of negotiation; but they will be very ill-advised to stake everything on a crushing victory in the spring. Prolonged and costly operations will be very unpopular, both in France and Spain, and not merely victory, but a real pacification of the Rif will be necessary, if these are to be avoided. It may be that no possible concessions will content Abd-el-Krim; but we have no proof of this, and it appears the height of folly to neglect any opportunity of finding a real solution for the Moroccan problem, or at least proving to the world that the French and Spanish Governments are sincere in their professed desire for a reasonable settlement.

* * *

It is difficult to resist the conclusion that the fortieth annual session of the Indian National Congress at Cawnpore marks the end of a movement which in its time fulfilled a valuable purpose. The election to the chair of Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, poet and Non-co-operator, proclaimed in advance the non-serious character of the assembly, which was emphasized by the presidential address, notwithstanding the presence of three thousand delegates and an immense crowd of spectators. Mrs. Naidu announced that the Swaraj members would leave the Legislative Assembly unless the Government of India was prepared with a generous gesture implying the immediate revision of the Constitution, and she went on to urge the delegates towards a militarist programme such as no Indian leader so far has hinted at. It included universal military training, a national militia raised by "voluntary conscription," and even the inauguration of an Indian Navy and Air Force—apparently to be created and directed by the National Congress. Mr. Motilal Nehru's scheme of obstruction and non-co-operation was accepted by the majority, but at the cost of the resignation of Messrs. Kelkar, Jayakar, and Moonjee, who for some months past have been leading the more reasonable Swarajists against Mr. Nehru and the irreconcilables. This split is important, since it indicates the strength of the feeling in the Swarajist ranks against an attempt, necessarily futile, to take up the policy which Mr. Gandhi has abandoned. Upon one question only, the treatment of Indians in South Africa, was the National Congress united.

THE FUTURE OF LIBERALISM AND LABOUR

III.—THE STRATEGY OF LIBERALISM

SUPPOSE that at the next election, or the election after that, the Parliamentary situation of two years ago is reproduced, and that the Conservative Party, though still the largest party in the House of Commons, is outnumbered by Labour and Liberalism together. What, then, will happen? What ought to happen? These are highly practical questions, which ought not to be shirked, and which it will be very difficult to shirk when the next General Election comes. The electors will not be content a second time to displace the Conservative majority without any notion of what will follow. They will want to know what they are doing; and it will go badly with Liberals in particular, if they can only return evasive answers. It is idle to suppose that this difficulty can be met by fighting every constituency and pointing to the theoretical possibility of a clear majority. Everyone will be aware that Liberals can hope for no more than to hold the balance of power, and will want to know how they will comport themselves if they do so.

What, then, are the possible alternatives? Should the Liberals act as they did on the previous occasion, turn out the existing Tory Ministry on the constitutional argument that the electors have passed a vote of "no confidence," and support a Labour Ministry, without making any conditions beforehand or seeking any understanding? In this form, the experiment will certainly never be repeated. Two years ago a hazy notion prevailed that the business of government could be carried on, if each party voted in the division lobbies as it thought fit on the merits of each issue; and Liberals, many of them uneasy about putting Labour in office at all, thought it better to keep their hands free than to make terms. But, as experience soon showed, their hands were not free; their own action in ejecting the Conservatives compelled them to vote for the Labour Government almost as automatically, and to turn up as assiduously for the purpose, as if they had been its formal supporters. They resented this necessity, and Labour, in its turn, resented its obligation to them. The experiment was short-lived, and ended in a smashing electoral disaster. Liberals will never choose to undergo the same experience again.

Would it be possible for the two parties to reach a preliminary understanding, to strike some kind of bargain, as to the terms on which the Liberals would support a Labour Government? We see no solution of the difficulty here. What would be the nature of the understanding? So far as it dealt with policy, it would be almost useless; because it is over the unexpected issues that real trouble tends to arise. It would not have helped matters on the last occasion if Mr. MacDonald had promised to abstain from the Capital Levy or from schemes of nationalization; while on the other hand, no one in January, 1924, would have thought of including a guaranteed loan to Russia in a list of forbidden things. A vague general understanding that the Labour Government would be considerate to its Liberal allies and would not manœuvre to destroy them by a sudden dissolution might have been really useful in 1924; but this does not go to the root of the difficulty, and it would be utterly inadequate on any future occasion. It is profoundly unsatisfactory for any party to keep in office a Government in whose counsels it has no share; and it is especially damaging for a middle party like the Liberal Party to do this service for a Labour Government. At

the ensuing election, those who like the Government's record give Labour all the credit; those who dislike it seek the remedy in Toryism. Against such consequences no arrangement can provide any sort of safeguard; and, with such consequences impending, it is fundamentally impossible for the parties to the unequal partnership to work together amicably. The all-round pledges against Coalitions compelled the Liberal Party to run this risk on the last occasion; but self-preservation will forbid it to support again a purely Labour Government.

There is only one tolerable form which Liberal-Labour co-operation can take in future—namely, Cabinet Coalition. If the two parties are to join in supporting a Government, they must join in forming one. Only by this means can they maintain the decently harmonious relations which are essential if they are to form the basis of a stable Government. With both parties represented in the Cabinet, power is shared as well as responsibility, credit as well as blame. The fact that their leaders are working together in comradeship makes for friendlier feelings among the rank and file. Real differences of outlook may still make the partnership a thorny one, and perhaps lead to its break-up; but at least all the adventitious factors, like personal and party loyalty, are enlisted on behalf of unity instead of dissension. Is, then, a Liberal-Labour Coalition practicable, or rather will it be practicable when at length the present Tory majority is broken? Will the relations between the two parties be good enough to permit of it? Will there be sufficient common ground on policy? If the answers to these questions are in the negative, the moral is irresistible. There will not be enough common ground, and their relations will not be good enough to enable them to co-operate in supporting a Government drawn from one of them alone.

Before discussing this question further, it will be well to review the remaining possibilities. The Liberals might leave the existing Conservative Government in office. This would mean Liberal co-operation with Conservatism instead of Labour—not necessarily so close a co-operation, if, as is probable, the Conservatives were the largest party, but at least the co-operation of an abstention from hostile votes, which would impose on them responsibility for the Government's actions, and expose them to blame for its misdeeds. In the situation we are supposing, Liberals *must* co-operate with one party or the other. But, if they have to choose, why should they not choose Conservatism? Is it really true that they have more common ground with Labour? Is it not pharisaical to suggest that there is something unclean or unholy in an association with the Tories, while a similar association with Labour is regarded as legitimate and natural? Why should Liberals rule out even the possibility of a Cabinet Coalition, which it might be much easier to arrange with the Tories than with Labour? Is it not fallacious to dismiss the idea with scorn because of the record of a particular Coalition which was doomed by its war-fever origins?

These are pertinent questions. There is certainly much nonsense talked about the natural affinity of Liberalism and Labour, and the immorality of any dealings with Conservatism. In sober truth, if we take the three parties as they stand to-day, with all their imperfections on their heads, with the doctrines that they preach, and the diverse elements that go to make them up, it is not easy to say which of its two rivals the Liberal

Party is nearer to. None the less, it is, we believe, a sound instinct which insists that the rôle of Liberalism can lie only on the Left. The reason lies not in the greater attractions of the Labour Party, but in its greater weakness. It lies in those fundamental considerations which we have sought to emphasize in our previous articles. The co-operation of Liberals and Tories points in the same direction as the extinction of the Liberal Party—a division of forces which would mean the more or less permanent control of government by the Right. Our great political need as a nation is to find some means of re-establishing the old balance of power between Right and Left. For this purpose, it is essential to find some means of bringing together the greater part of the forces which Liberalism and Labour represent; and it is in this direction that Liberalism must set its face, however discouraging and dreary may be the prospect.

But it takes two to co-operate, and if, as we think, Liberals should insist on representation in the Cabinet as a condition of Liberal-Labour co-operation, they must clearly be prepared for a refusal of their terms. In this contingency, there will be nothing for it but to give temporary support, as negative and non-committal as possible, to a Tory Government. Liberals should, therefore, be careful not to commit themselves beforehand to eject the Conservatives from office. Indeed, the only possible strategy for Liberals in the likely and difficult situation which we are envisaging emerges fairly clearly from the exclusion of impossible alternatives. They should make it clear that it is their desire to see a Liberal-Labour Coalition, if sufficient common ground can be discovered, and that they are ready to co-operate for this purpose at any time. They should make it clear that in their view the only satisfactory future for the two parties lies in co-operation with one another. But they should also make it clear that if their co-operation is not desired, they will not again eject a merely unsatisfactory Tory Government in order to put an unfriendly Labour Government in its place. In our judgment, it would be advantageous for the Liberal Party to define its attitude in some such way as this before, rather than after, the next General Election.

But we come back to the question: Is a Liberal-Labour Coalition feasible, or will it ever be feasible? The difficulties in the way are obvious and immense. There are many in both parties who would welcome such a development, whether they so express themselves or not. But there are many others whose feelings will be outraged by the very mention of it. Many Liberals disliked intensely the support which the party gave to Mr. MacDonald's Government; but this was too obviously a makeshift arrangement to break their allegiance. A Coalition with Labour, carrying with it the possibility of closer relations still, would send them over in large numbers to the Tory camp. On the Labour side, there are many who would regard a combination with Liberals as a base betrayal of the party faith. Thus for both parties a Coalition would entail the loss of loyal supporters, recriminations, perhaps even a formal and serious split; and these are not things which any party will face until it must. But the fundamental necessity is there; and it is possible for various reasons that these obstacles will not prove as formidable some years hence as they appear to-day. We are not yet, however, in a position to answer the question. We have still to consider, what some may think we should have considered first, the principles and the formulas of the two parties. Are these sufficiently reconcilable to permit of a co-operation which would be compatible with the elementary requirements of political sincerity?

M. BRIAND'S TRIUMPH

PARIS, DECEMBER 29TH, 1925.

THE French financial situation is no doubt serious—although it would be easy enough to put it right with a little good sense and courage—but the element of comedy has never been lacking in it. The strange adventure of the Three Bourgeois of Roubaix—MM. Julien Le Blan, Eugène Mathon, and Donat-Agache—had its comic side. They came to Paris, not indeed with halters round their necks, but with the laudable purpose of offering their industries and those of their fellow industrialists in the North as a guarantee for a foreign loan. As to the manner in which the loan was to be guaranteed or the purpose to which it was to be applied they seem to have had no clear ideas, but it would appear that they were aiming at the stabilization of the franc. The instability of the franc is a serious handicap to the textile industries of the North, obliged as they are to buy their raw material abroad and to sell their products mainly at home, often at fairly long credit. Moreover, they employ many Belgian workmen, who insist on being paid in Belgian francs, so that the wages bill rises as the franc depreciates.

I do not know whether the Roubaix industrialists expected gratitude for their offer, but in any case they did not get it, except from the Government, which thanked them warmly in an official communiqué. The *TEMPS* and, in general, the newspapers of the Centre and the Right could hardly conceal their indignation. Here were big industrial capitalists actually proposing the mortgage on French industry which the Socialists proposed some months ago and which those papers then declared to be ruinous to the country. What could the Northern industrialists be thinking of thus to play into the hands of the enemies of social order? The Press of the Left, on the other hand, received the Roubaix offer with suspicion, for M. Mathon, one of the principal initiators of it, has Fascist sympathies, and has financed the *NOUVEAU SIECLE*, the Fascist daily just started in Paris. It is true that M. Mathon has lately fallen out with the Fascist leader, M. Valois, a convert from the *ACTION FRANÇAISE*, with which the Fascists are at daggers drawn. Nevertheless, it was asked whether the Roubaix proposal did not conceal a Fascist plot to transfer the reins of government to the industrial capitalists. Some papers went so far as to accuse the unfortunate Bourgeois of Roubaix of having simply desired to engineer the boom that took place on the Paris Exchange at the end of the week before last, so as to buy pounds and dollars cheaply.

The *coup de grâce* was, however, given to the proposal of the industrialists of the North by their fellow-industrialists, whom they had invited to join in the guarantee. The General Confederation of French Production and the National Association for Economic Expansion issued a joint manifesto in which irritation at the Roubaix offer was not concealed. The authors of the manifesto did, indeed, consent to discuss with the Government the question at what moment and in what form their credit might be used, but they made it plain that the moment was not the present one. Before they would consider the question, they wanted various conditions. Any increase in taxation was to be put on the indirect taxes, the death duties were to be reduced, the State monopolies were to be ceded to private companies, the eight-hours law was to be applied in "a spirit of broad liberalism" (in other words, abolished), and, above all, there was to be no immediate stabilization of the franc. In the last condition is to be found the chief purpose of the manifesto. The great metallurgical and other exporting industrialists believe that they profit by the depreciation and instability of the franc.

No doubt the last has been heard of the Roubaix proposal. In any case it has passed into oblivion here, and, if I recall it, it is only as an incident in the history of the French financial tragi-comedy. Interest at the moment is centred on the quarrel in the Cabinet about M. Doumer's Budget proposals. As I write, comes the unexpected news that at the Ministerial Council to-day those proposals were unanimously accepted. Yesterday at least half-a-dozen Ministers were swearing that they would resign rather than agree to put the additional taxation on the backs that already bear the greater part of the burden—the backs of the workmen and the poorer middle classes. The "tax on payments" proposed by M. Doumer will be a heavy addition to the burden, for of course the consumer will pay it several times over. It is only an increase under another name of the tax on business turnovers, which most of the members of the present Government pledged themselves at the last election to abolish, even if it should not be levied in the same way. It seems that the decision was obtained by M. Doumer's consent to accept the Bill introduced by the diminished Cartel des Gauches, from which the Radical Left has seceded, for reforming the assessment and method of collecting the income tax. M. Doumer's view is that it would take at least a year to get from the changes proposed the increased revenue necessary and that, meanwhile, increased indirect taxation is the only method by which the Budget can be balanced. The tax collectors, I understand, are not of the same opinion, but declare that they can get in the revenue from the income tax if Parliament gives them the means.

In any case, M. Doumer's easy concession is not the real reason of the capitulation of the Ministers hitherto opposed to his proposals, which is a triumph for M. Briand. The latter simply told his recalcitrant colleagues that, if they resigned, he would fill their places. He could easily have done so either from the Centre and the Right, or with gentlemen belonging to a party of the Left, but quite willing to adapt themselves to altered conditions. Such persons are always to be found in French politics, and M. Briand has known in the past how to make use of them. He broke up the Left some fifteen years ago, and he could no doubt do it again. At any rate, it was the fear that he could do it and govern with the aid of the Centre and the Right that caused him to prevail to-day.

If one can judge by the tone of the *QUOTIDIEN* this morning, the unanimous decision of the Cabinet will be badly received on the Left. It is as yet impossible to say what its consequences may be, but the final break-up of the Cartel is a possibility. That, however, was probable in any case. Although the Radicals, the Republican Socialists, and the Socialists have agreed on a financial policy, they are not really in a position to carry it out. In the first place, without the Radical Left, they have no majority in the Chamber unless they get the aid of the Communists, which might be available to vote against a Government, but not to support one. In the second place, it is almost certain that the Socialist Congress on January 10th will decide against taking office except in a Government wholly or mainly Socialist. Such a Government is impossible in the conditions existing in France, and, on the other hand, it is now universally agreed that no Government of the Left is possible unless the Socialists are in it. It is just possible that the Socialist Congress might agree to a Government in which the parties of the Left, including the Socialists, were represented proportionately to their respective numerical strengths in the Chamber, and which was formed merely for the purpose of carrying out a specified programme, but this is very unlikely. The feeling in the rank and file of the Socialist Party against participation in such a Government is so strong that a decision in favour of participation might lose the party a large number of adherents, who would probably join the Communists, or else form yet another party, and thus add to the confusion. One of the greatest obstacles to Socialist participation in a Government including other parties is the fact that the chief advocates of that policy in the Socialist Party have not the confidence of the rank and file.

For my part, although I believe that a Government of the Left would be best for France, and certainly best for the world, it seems to me now almost impossible. In spite of the compromise patched up to-day, it is doubtful whether the present Government can last in its present form. That compromise is a truce rather than a peace. Although M. Doumer is said to have accepted the Bill of the Cartel, it has yet to be seen whether he will press it with any energy, especially on the Senate, which will not willingly accept any measure for making the income tax a reality. It has also to be seen whether the Radicals and the Socialists will accept the compromise and vote for M. Doumer's taxation proposals. No doubt the latter will get a majority in the Chamber, but, if the majority is obtained from the Centre and the Right, the position of the Radical members of the Government would become untenable. The best solution of an impossible political situation would be to restore at once the system of single-member constituencies and then consult the country, and it may yet come to that.

In my opinion the solution of the financial problem depends on clearing up the political situation, for the financial problem can be solved only by a strong and homogeneous Government with a definite policy by which it is prepared to stand or fall. Its solution is not prevented by party discipline, but by the lack of it. It is futile to call on the various parties to sink their differences and combine to save the country. There are fundamental differences of opinion as to the way in which the country can be "saved," and a political menagerie composed of men agreeing on nothing would never arrive at any solution. For my part, I am convinced that the first step towards financial restoration is the stabilization of the franc and that France needs a Controller of the Currency with the powers that were given in Germany two years ago to Dr. Schacht. But that is proposed by no party.

ROBERT DELL.

ONE THOUSAND WEIR HOUSES

(FROM A CORRESPONDENT.)

THE Government's determination to build Weir timber and steel houses, in spite of expert warning, has resulted in a paradoxical situation in British politics. The Conservative Party have adopted a purely Socialistic method of building themselves, using the services of the National Housing Company of Scotland, and yet Socialist M.P.s are most vehement in their opposition to the scheme.

Furthermore, in view of Mr. Neville Chamberlain's declarations in the debate on December 18th that the Building Trades Unions have set themselves against new methods, it is remarkable that the Duke of Atholl, the husband of a member of the Government, and one of the leading Conservatives in Scotland, has found his best friends, so far as his all-steel house is concerned, among members of the Labour Party. Labour speeches and questions during the last month have made it clear that, acting on behalf of the Building Trades Unions, they were prepared to assist in every way the erection of houses of the form of steel construction devised by the Duke of Atholl, and manufactured on mass production methods by Messrs. William Beardmore of Glasgow. The Conservative Government, however, have shown a coldness towards the Atholl system, that is as inexplicable as their persistent advocacy of the Weir house.

Mr. Wheatley, when Minister of Health, appointed a Committee, with Sir Ernest Moir as Chairman, to inquire into the Weir and other alternative systems, and certainly both he and his Parliamentary Secretary, Mr. Greenwood, showed no prejudice when they were in office against experiments in alternative methods of construction. The Moir Committee in their first report, rendered to Mr. Neville Chamberlain, explained, as indeed every expert already knew, that the Weir house is not

a steel house at all. It is a lightly framed wooden structure, roofed with asbestos slates, lined internally with composition sheets, and externally with thin steel plates. The actual time for erection, after the assembling of the parts, is about six days.

The Moir Committee included men with practical knowledge such as Sir Frank Baines of the Office of Works, Mr. Topham Forrest, and others. Their report in every line bore witness to compromise. The hesitating phrases; the references to possible difficulties due to vermin, to sweating, to high conductivity; and the timid queries as to the cost of maintenance of the Weir house and its length of life, made it obvious that the Moir Committee were not prepared to commit themselves to unreserved approval.

Their report has since been fully justified, for local authorities and railway companies who have sent their technical advisers to investigate demonstration Weir houses, have been almost unanimous in recommending no action. The architects of this country have been outspoken in their condemnation. The views of politicians varied according to their party, but it is significant that the nation is not given the opportunity of hearing what its scientific advisers, who constitute the Building Research Board, have to say about the Weir house.

The writer of this article is, and has always been, a Conservative, but a careful study of Weir bungalows, erected both in England and Scotland, convinces him that the present action of the Cabinet in expending public money upon such a method of construction in its present state, is likely to fail, and will bring conflict and not peace into the building industry.

The building trade operatives have from the first taken the strongest possible objection to Lord Weir's decision not to pay the recognized rates of wages, or agree to conditions of employment in conformity with those obtaining in the building trade. Messrs. Weir agreed, however, to a fair wages clause, but argued that the processes used in the manufacture of these houses were new, and that therefore building rates and conditions were not applicable. This claim was supported by a Court of Inquiry, composed of Lord Bradbury, Mr. C. T. Cramp, and Mr. D. Milne Watson, whose report wisely declared that it was very desirable in the interests of the community that "the recommendations of the Moir Committee for the erection of houses of a type faced externally with steel sheeting, in sufficient numbers to enable the system to be properly tested, should be carried out at the earliest moment." But the operatives disagreed, and have been supported by the employers. Lord Weir is to-day isolated, for all the other firms developing new methods and new processes were ready to agree to conform with the conditions ruling in the building industry. Accordingly, when an attempt was made to build Weir houses in Lanarkshire last June and in Plymouth last month strikes occurred and all other housing work in the district was held up. In my opinion the Trades Unions were badly advised in taking this action, for the Weir house has so far failed by its own demerits, and the operatives' hostility has confused the issue. It must, however, be emphasized that the more statesmanlike leaders of the building industry—men of the calibre of Mr. Coppock and Mr. Barron—are prepared to co-operate and work with those who are suggesting better and cheaper methods of building, and are only actively fighting the Weir house.

This was still-born, and Lord Weir might have given up his experiment if, previously to a public meeting last October, Mr. Baldwin had not stayed with him. During that visit to Glasgow it is understood that Lord Weir explained that the merits of the steel house had not been

fairly stated, and that here was a practical opportunity to provide houses rapidly, almost without regard to weather conditions, by factory or mass production methods, and at the same time provide work for unskilled unemployed men. Moved by his sincere desire to help the homeless and the unemployed, following a personal visit to slum tenements, Mr. Baldwin announced that the Government would give an additional subsidy of £40 per house for certain methods that did not employ more than 10 per cent. of skilled building trade men. One of the four firms approved by the Scottish Board of Health in November was Messrs. Weir, who offered to build, among other types, a three-apartment semi-detached bungalow with an area of 690 square feet for £365, provided forty houses were built on one site. This price did not include land, service for lighting, heating and water, fencing, footpaths, or transport beyond eight miles from the factory at Cathcart. After a month's discussion the Scottish burghs have applied for less than a thousand houses of different types.

The truth of the whole matter is, so far as the writer was able to ascertain after an extensive tour in Scotland last month, that expert opinion in that country as in England is not convinced by Lord Weir's protestations. The price, too, is high for a building that is certainly unsuitable for slum tenants, and the life of which is an uncertain quantity. Further, Scotland still clings to the stone house, although at last the prejudices against brick are being broken down, for the Scotch are slow to accept novelties unless their shrewd minds are convinced that they are making a good bargain. In spite of all the Government now rush in, confessedly at forty-eight hours' notice, and so risk precipitating a conflict in a badly organized and excitable industry. This is indeed a rash expedient to adopt at the New Year by a Prime Minister who believes in goodwill towards all men.

LIFE AND POLITICS

THERE are very few men, I should imagine, who are prepared to make political prophecies for the coming year. Twelve months ago the prospect seemed much less obscure than usual. We thought, for instance, that the Conservative Government could depend upon a relatively easy start, in an atmosphere of improving trade and industrial tranquillity. Few anticipated that the troubles of the coal industry would take the formidable turn they did, and the thought of a costly time-buying subsidy entered no one's head. On the other hand, the new European Pact, bringing with it a decisive change in the position of Germany, is in welcome contrast to the expectations of a year ago, when the Protocol was about to be rejected and rumours were abroad of a one-sided pact with France. There is no illusion of clarity at the opening of 1926. No one is tempted to describe the Government as popular. The Chamberlains stand well; but there is little to be said for Mr. Churchill, and nothing for Lord Birkenhead, while Mr. Amery is suspect, and Sir William Joynson-Hicks a universal butt. Mr. Baldwin is incalculable, for all his imperturbability. His personal standing in the country is remarkable, but it depends no more upon what he has done during 1925 than upon his purposes, for we do not know them. Good trade news, of course, would help him more than anything. But any friendly opponent can assure him that failure within the next few months to confront the coal crisis would bring a sudden and complete ending to his good fortune.

* * *

There can be no doubt as to the house and the book which have achieved so far the most surprising success of the winter publishing season. It is as plain as can

be that Mr. Thornton Butterworth sent out the "Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion" without any notion that the thing would be mistaken for a genuine document of the seventh decade of the eighteenth century. The "blurb" on the wrapper contained a sufficient hint. The incidents and the style shouted the truth together. And nobody in London can have been quite so astonished as the publisher when he found that Lord Darling had first made a trap for himself and then walked into it, with a flourish. Lord Darling, however, might plead that after thirty years on the bench a man cannot be expected to see through the flimsiest disguise. It is otherwise with the regular reviewers. Mr. J. C. Squire did the job beautifully for the mezzobrows, and Mr. Max Pemberton quite well for the lowbrows, before the literary weeklies polished it off. All this having been thoroughly done, it was natural enough that Lord Beaverbrook's young men should remain ignorant, but not a little strange that the greatest of dailies should be the last to stumble. There remains the puzzle of the sales. Mr. Butterworth, I understand, printed a first edition of 1,500. He has sold 10,000, and I suppose is looking forward to unloading 20,000 or 30,000.

* * *

The late Frank Munsey belonged to an order of business men of whom journalists cannot be expected to think with liking or respect. Having acquired a fortune in magazine publishing, and for some years produced a popular magazine, bearing his own name, which was among the pioneers of modern technique, Munsey turned to daily journalism and made for himself an unequalled reputation as a buyer, compounder, and wrecker of newspapers. To him more than to any other is due the fact that New York to-day has the smallest number of dailies to be found in any one of the world's great capitals—with the exception, I suppose, of London alone. He bought the SUN, morning and evening, merged the former with the once renowned NEW YORK HERALD, which he purchased from the executors of James Gordon Bennett, and then sold the combined property to the owner of the TRIBUNE, Mr. Ogden Reid. Frank Munsey made no pretences. He believed, as his English compeers believe, that newspapers should be controlled by very rich men. They are above temptation.

* * *

A considerable number of articles and paragraphs that have lately caught my eye suggest that the medical profession during this winter is being more thoroughly worsted than ever before by that terrible creature CORYZA, the common cold. No one, I suppose, could say that we have the means of knowing whether we are actually worse off, or the doctors more completely defeated, than usual; but I for one am convinced by the arguments of those medical journalists who maintain that, for city dwellers, the respiratory diseases are our most persistent and most dangerous foes. In a word, all forms of catarrh should be seriously treated. Being anxious, like everyone else, for light upon this momentous subject, I laid it before the best physician of my acquaintance—one who is not in holy orders; who is, indeed, much further from those orders than Dr. Axham and his hapless fellows. She responded, and I set down, in the briefest dogmatic form, some of the things she stated at length with the aid of logic and evidence.

* * *

Here they are: In a great majority of cases the common cold comes directly from an exhausted mucous membrane, due to the presence of unassimilated starch. More than ever are we a starch-eating people. Consider the multitude of city workers who, in the past thirty years, have taken to eating two meals a day in the tea-

shops. We shall have to fight for a rational three-meal day, with a much larger allowance of salads and uncooked fruit. Men nowadays suffer more from colds than women. The main reason is their absurd outfit. A man will stuff himself up with thick woollen underclothing. He will wear a long-sleeved vest and a long-sleeved cardigan, making, with his overcoat, five layers on his arms, which need only one. His skin cannot react: how should he escape Coryza? Further (my uncanonical adviser went on), there is the bathroom. The cold bath has been largely a class affair. As a nation we have never gone in for it, but we are now rapidly establishing the habit of frequent warm baths. The domestic hot-water supply, soon to be general, will destroy what remains of our resistance to Coryza, unless children are firmly taught the necessity of the cold shower or sponge. Finally, there is the unhygienic English house, with its violent contrast in temperature between the living rooms and the frigid upper floors. Our people will continue to refuse central heating, and perhaps they are not unwise. But we may hope that in twenty years or so electric heating will be installed as a matter of course, even in the smallest houses, and that should be an important means of protection against Coryza.

KAPPA.

LETTERS FROM A COUNTRY TEACHER

II.

AUGUST 28TH.

IT is all very well to say I write so seldom, my dear. I sent you a screed two weeks ago, and two post-cards since, on both of which I expect I told you I would write when I had a breathing space.

I have had no end of a rumpus with my staff, my large staff of Miss Meadows and Mrs. Brown. It has really depressed me enormously, for I did think I could work with people, and I've said such things about Headmistresses who did not understand the difficulties of class teaching, and who thought people could all teach in the same way. I'll begin with Mabel. (She likes being called Mabel, and confided to Mrs. Brown that she feared I was going to be stuck up because I called her Miss Meadows.) It all arose because I said the children must learn nursery rhymes; they didn't even know Jack and Jill further than "hill." She said she didn't know them, and hadn't a book (that's why I sent that frantic postcard for our Nursery Rhyme book). I supplied the book and waited a fortnight, and then in my daily half-hour with the babies—they are the joy of my day at present—I asked for a nursery rhyme. Still only Jack and Jill as far as "hill." Mabel, meantime, was teaching my big girls to knit jumpers; she does it very well, and I find they will pay for the wool. I'm getting a lot out of jumpers—I who am bored to death by clothes. So I taught Little Miss Muffet and Tom, Tom—which I sang to them and they sang to me.

At lunch, before I had time to speak to this child of sixteen, she came and gave notice. Said she was not going to stay to be ordered about, and that what was good enough for the baby room for my predecessor ought to be good enough for me. My first thought was to let her go; my second that if she went I should have to live down all the things that she would say in the village, and I can't do anything unless I can be friendly with the parents. Also she can interest the big girls in jumpers and keep the babies going. So I said to her she had not to give notice to me, but to the L.E.A., and that there was no hurry.

I haven't heard any more about it, and I teach Nursery Rhymes and sing them to and with the babies.

A proud mother stopped me yesterday to tell me her Mary had sung Little Jack Horner to her grannie and the old lady had been "that pleased that she fair cried over it."

Mrs. Brown was a different matter, and perhaps she had really better go and let me struggle with the school in my own way. She is not a bad sort though, and only shouts at the children when she gets so exasperated that murder is in her soul. She hates my ways and says so—not directly to me, alas! for then we could have it out. First of all, she believes all exercise books are for show—I could put up with one show book, I think. But sums, compositions, the little drawing the children do are all copied in after being corrected by her. In the same way she won't let the children do a thing for themselves; their garments are cut out and tacked, their work is altered, if need be, by her.

Truly I haven't been violent—truly. If she had been as young as Miss Meadows, Mabel, I mean, I'd have said, "My dear, this is really appalling. What will the children do when they no longer have you to cut out, tack, correct, and over-look work for them? Do let them make mistakes while the mistakes can be rectified, and don't value books more highly than children." Fool that I am to waste my time writing on the rudiments of method to you, when I can't say it to her. She is at least forty; prim and good, and teaches in the Sunday School. Well, I began with the sums, for I really could not understand how the books of the children I was teaching could have been so neat and accurate a year ago when she had them. She made no bones about it, said the inspector praised her books, said she had always done it, and thought it right. I said that I did not want books, I wanted quick mental work, and sums worked right the first time on tests. I had given the same kind of test to her pupils as I gave to mine, and they are, of course, just as inaccurate. I have suggested that at the end of six weeks we examine each other's classes in mental work on the simple rules and practical measuring, and we don't worry about written work.

It was stupid of me to tackle her first with sums, for I'm much more heartbroken over the fact that the children can't answer a simple question naturally, that they never talk about their work to us, that no one tries to draw or write or sing or make a play. But I thought perhaps I could get her to see the method more easily over sums. The result is that the air in school is thick with disapproval of me and my ways, and the vicar, who is one of my managers, stopped me to-day to say, "I hope you won't upset Mrs. Brown, she is such a good woman, so earnest and different from all these young teachers who think of nothing but holidays and salaries. And I shall find it so difficult to replace her in my Sunday School." "But," I exclaimed, "even if I did upset her what effect could that have on her Sunday School teaching?" "She tells me if she leaves day school, she leaves me," he sighed, "and she is invaluable!" Thank goodness this is not a church school. And I suppose I must not be angry that a churchwoman confides in her spiritual adviser.

O! Damn! I'm one of those young and frivolous teachers, I suppose, who thinks only about pleasure and salaries. Please delete the damn. But I've no one to give me a friendly ear, and it's all so stupid. "Let us end on a brighter note," as Miss B. used to say at college when she had thoroughly depressed us about the social conditions of the children.

I saw yesterday, on my own railing, a baby fire-tail—the first I've ever seen—all spots and fluffiness and a very fiery jerky tail.

MARY.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MOSUL

SIR,—In your issue of Dec. 26th, you say Mr. Baldwin made a fair case for carrying out the decision of the League of Nations that we should continue to occupy Mosul. Of course he did. That was very easy, but I should like to ask him how he expects that the British people are to live, and in what he considers that the power of the British Empire consists. Is he prepared to admit that our power depends almost entirely on our factories, ironworks, coal mines, and ships, and the trade which they enable us to carry on? If he says yes, then I would ask him whether it would be better for us to be friendly with the Turkish Republic; whether, with such friendship, there might not be room for great outlays of British capital, and great expansion of trade; and whether it might not in the long run be more profitable for us, with such friendship, to spend money in the drainage and irrigation of Mesopotamia than in preparing for a possible conflict with a brave warrior nation, which feels that it has been unjustly deprived of an integral part of its territory.—Yours, &c.,

ARNOLD LUPTON.

7, Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1.
December 28th, 1925.

THE SERAJEVO MURDER

SIR,—I have read with great interest Mr. Lowes Dickinson's review, in your issue for December 26th, of Miss M. E. Durham's book "The Serajevo Crime." I am glad Mr. Dickinson points out that it would be easy to exaggerate the importance of the Serajevo murder in relation to the origins of the War. Miss Durham is a confirmed Serbophobe, and in her anxiety to prove her case against the Serbs—by quoting Serbian data such as the memoirs of M. Ljuba Yovanovitch—she omits to make any reference to the revelations of prominent Germans and Austrians—such as Count Conrad von Hoetzendorff, Otto Bauer, &c.—whose evidence is, in part, extremely damning evidence of the fact that war was inevitable quite apart from the Serajevo crime.

Lastly, the German Foreign Office is at present publishing documents from its archives which show definitely that Prince von Bülow supported Austria from 1908 onward, and that in spite of the fact that it was quite evident that Austria's annexation policy would inevitably lead to war. Germany's attempt to exculpate herself led first to the anti-Serbian propaganda (of which Miss Durham's book is obviously an important part), and now to the attempt to represent Berlin as being dragged at the chariot wheels of Vienna. The Bülow documents make it quite clear, however, that the Central Powers had determined upon their war-like course long before the Serajevo crime gave them their official excuse.

Blackening the character of Serbia will not whitewash the character of Germany and of Austria-Hungary. Miss Durham's book is very clever, very bitter, but not finally convincing. The picture as painted by Miss Durham lacks proportion. She cannot—or will not—see the wood for the trees. One must dig deeper for the origins of war responsibility than in the shallow soil of Miss Durham's evidence against Serbia with regard to culpability for the Serajevo murder.—Yours, &c.,

J. MAHONEY-SHEA LAWLER.

7, Stanhope Terrace, Regent's Park, N.W.1.
December 29th, 1925.

A CONTROVERSY IN ART

SIR,—The views of Mr. Clive Bell and Mr. Randall Wells on the Pre-Raphaelites are of interest as bringing before us again one of the central problems of æsthetics.

In his article Mr. Bell states that Pictorial Art arises from that "peculiar and passionate reaction to the thing seen which translates itself spontaneously into artistic vision and clamours for a form in which to exist independently." Mr. Randall Wells, while disagreeing, professes not to be deceived, and to discern in the motivation of the above view a purpose deeper than the advocacy of a mere

aesthetic abstraction, nothing less in fact than an identification on the part of Mr. Bell with the interests, sympathies, and ways of life of those whom he regards as artists.

May I risk unpopularity by suggesting to Mr. Randall Wells that his controversy must be inconclusive because he and Mr. Bell are barking up different trees? It is my contention that this difference constitutes the fundamental problem referred to.

Mr. Randall Wells desires in art the inclusion of an idea consciously expressed, and this would lead him, by implication, to adopt an ethical standard of aesthetics such as was maintained by Tolstoy. Mr. Bell has done as much as anyone to expose this fallacy, but it is my view that he has set in its place a far more subtle one. Some suspicion of this is revealed by Mr. Randall Wells's insistence on the interestedness of Mr. Bell's artistic affections and their origin in very human motives. Similar doubts have before assailed students of Mr. Bell and Mr. Fry's aesthetics—doubts based, however, on grounds very different from the *tu quoque* of an injured lover of homely sentiment in art.

Since Mr. Bell has long asserted that artistic impulses are independent of instinctive life, he is hardly to be expected at this stage to admit to anything so repugnant to his mind as their association. Moreover, it is unfortunate that pure painting should be assailed as to its purity of motive from a quarter no more formidable than that inhabited by those Mr. Bell so aptly calls "didactic pamphleteers, minor poets or little historians"—for the central question of pictorial art remains unanswered.

Upholders of the view of the instinctive origin of art can once again take heart by here accepting the hypothesis of a *subconscious idea* in place of the conscious conception of an idea as hitherto assumed. Such a view is, of course, already widely held, and it has always been the object of Mr. Bell's peculiar aversion—a fact the more remarkable in that he himself possesses a capacity for apprehending on instinctive levels of the mind that significance of form which he rightly holds to be the mark of the artist and to distinguish him from the craftsman. Whether this significance be called life or truth, or whether classified as biological or abiological in origin and function, it is the admitted irreducible of artistic achievement.

No psychological view of art could presume to ignore the supreme importance of the mechanisms that displace the subconscious idea and render it impersonal and intelligible in terms of significant form. This is the divine gift of the artist—but the source and origin of his inspiration lies elsewhere.

Mr. Bell himself has always been at pains to emphasize that serious art is created only by those who have a problem to solve in terms of personal experience. For all his loud insistence on the sanctity and purity of formal relations, does he explain whence comes the fire and passionate conviction of which stuff he feels the Tradition of Painting to be built, if not from the deepest and remotest layers of the psyche? How, except by such criteria, does he discriminate between the Master and the mere exponent of recipe and pattern-making?

May I suggest that the admirable standard of Mr. Bell's criticism would not be degraded by his recognition of its subjective components? In a question of origins, the validity of the evolved form does not arise; it is the point of departure and, as far as Mr. Bell and I are concerned, generally an object of agreement. Certainly, this is the case in his enthusiasm for the splendid painting done to-day in Paris, and in his present contention that irrelevancies constitute the basis of so many artistic reputations in this country!—Yours, &c.,

IVOR S. CHURCHILL.

2, Mansfield Street, W.1.

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY AND M. KISLING

SIR,—The appended letter appears to settle finally the controversy between M. Kisling and the Secretary of the International Society. Will you permit me to recall briefly the facts? It is not disputed that the Secretary invited M. Kisling to send a particular picture. It is not disputed that M. Kisling replied that the picture in question was sold, but that he would send two others. It is denied by the Secretary that this offer was accepted. I am now able to

publish a letter which shows that the Secretary received with thanks the letter making this offer, and that, far from saying he could accept only the picture for which he had asked originally, he begs M. Kisling to let him have the names and prices (both in the plural, mark you) of the pictures he proposes to send.

Whether, in the light of this letter, the Secretary will care to make suitable apology to M. Kisling I know not, neither do I know whether, in the light of previous letters, M. Kisling will care to accept it; but my part in the controversy is done.—Yours, &c.,

YOUR PARIS CORRESPONDENT.

[COPY.]

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY OF SCULPTORS,
PAINTERS, AND GRAVERS.

41, Bryanston Square, W.1.
August 13th, 1925.

M. Moise Kisling,
3, rue Joseph-Bara, Vime.

Dear Sir,—Thank you for your letter accepting the invitation to exhibit in the International Exhibition at the Royal Academy here during November and December next. The exhibits should reach the Royal Academy, Piccadilly, London, about October 20th, and meanwhile I should be obliged if you would send me the titles and prices of your works. Please allow for a 15 per cent. commission on sales to be retained by the Society.

For the transport of the works we recommend you to employ of M. Ch. Pottier, of 14, Rue Gaillon (près l'Avenue de l'Opéra), who understands the matter and is known to us.—I am, yours very truly,

FRANCIS HOWARD,
Exhibition Director and Honorary Secretary.

"DONNYBROOK FAIR AND SEVEN POETS"

SIR,—As a manufacturer of critical tabloids in the poetic line of business, Mr. Robert Graves is, I think, unrivalled, for he is himself a poet, a wit, and an honest thruster with his pen. His very amusing "Donnybrook Fair and Seven Poets" is one of his best productions. I have only read two of the books from which his pellets were made, but from what I know of the work of the other authors, Mr. Graves's slender inches are as well packed as one could expect. In the course of the jokes which Mr. Graves very properly has at the beginning and end of his article (thereby, however, reducing the space for business from twenty to fifteen inches), he refers to the "wordy scrimmage" of poetic criticism. Wordy! I cannot imagine a less appropriate epithet. But perhaps that also is one of Mr. Graves's little jokes.

May I suggest, however, that Mr. Graves does brilliantly a job that is very definitely not worth doing? The response which many of the critical weeklies make nowadays to the books of verse with which they are no doubt inundated seems to me to have nothing to recommend it. They respond by holding periodic exhibits of minor poetry in job lots of from five to ten, at about two inches of print per poet. Now whom does this proceeding satisfy? Does it satisfy A., the minor poet, who in an unimaginative moment might propound the theorem that his book either is or is not worth reviewing? Does it satisfy X., the reader who wants to get a comprehensive idea of what A. is doing before he buys his book? Is it even superior in the eyes of A.'s publisher to one of his own advertisements? Does it in fact satisfy anyone except Mr. Graves himself (who could write with equal charm and penetration about a teapot or a tin can), and the reader who enjoys witty writing of a literary nature and is not specially interested in modern verse output?

I submit that it is impossible to measure up in two inches of print a book of lyrical verse which is worthy of serious consideration, and that the weeklies would do better to solve their problem of limited space by printing adequate reviews of a number (necessarily small) of books of verse which their critic judged to be most notable of the total received. In this way we should get a little uncompressed criticism, and someone at least might occasionally be satisfied. Modern verse may sometimes be contemptible: it is hardly as contemptible as some of the "notices" it receives.

I began by saying that I had read two of the books which provided the fun of Donnybrook Fair. I wrote one of them. But my argument is anything but a personal one.—Yours, &c.,

BARRINGTON GATES.

Firgrove, Ash Vale, Surrey.
December 20th, 1925.

MRS. HANNAH MORE

By E. M. FORSTER.

HANNAH MORE was the godmother of a great-aunt. Her picture is before me as I write. I sit upon one of her chairs, the sloping grass outside is said to be imitated from her garden, and once I had a red mitten she knitted, but gave it away. The name of the picture is "Mrs. Hannah More and favourite squirrel." They too are seated—the old lady at a Chippendale table, the squirrel upon it. They face one another, they bend their necks with identical gesture, and the calm light of a hundred years ago flows in through square panes of glass upon the letter and the nut that they are opening. It must be Barley Wood, for she is very old—Barley Wood where she hoped to die, but her servants mishandled and betrayed her. "I am driven, like Eve, out of Paradise," she said, "but, unlike Eve, not by angels." It was Zachary Macaulay who rescued her, having discovered licentiousness in the kitchen, in which even Louisa was involved. Who was Louisa? A trusted orphan. Who on earth was Zachary Macaulay? Mr. R. C. Trevelyan's great-grandfather. Yes, here is the Hannah More of our tradition, fragile and philanthropic. The earlier Hannah, who quipped it with Garrick and scribbled it with Walpole—she is less to our taste.

Yet earlier and later were connected. Had it not been for "Percy," a five-act tragedy in blank verse, I do not think she could have sat on that chair so calmly. She had received a certain amount of money from a gentleman who failed to marry her, but it was on the broader and more substantial basis of "Percy" that her fortunes really rested. It held the stage for years. Poetry assisted it; when Mrs. Montagu read "The Bleeding Rock" she exclaimed: "Your 'Rock' will stand unimpaired by ages," nor was she wholly wrong. And when secular royalties decreased, Hannah turned to other themes, cautiously descending the social ladder in the process, but never losing touch with the book-sellers. The success of "Parley the Porter" and other tracts was enormous. "Charles the Footman" was translated into Russian; "Moses in the Bulrushes" into Cingalese; two Persian noblemen called at Barley Wood and carried away a volume of "Practical Piety" for the use of the Shah; "The Newcastle Collier" solved all difficulties with Labour in the North; while of her full-length novel, "Cælebs in Search of a Wife," thirty thousand copies were sold in America alone. Her income was assured, and she and her sisters, having begun as Bristol governesses, were able to move into the country and practise philanthropy upon a commanding scale.

There were five of them—Mrs. Mary, Mrs. Betty, Mrs. Sally, Mrs. Hannah, Mrs. Patty—and though I have often encountered them in old letters and read long praises of their gaiety and goodness, they have never seemed the least alive. Three sisters one can visualize, but who can get any conception of five—of old-maidism triumphant and militant, raised from the domestic to the conventual? (Had Selina Mills kept faith, there would have been six.) Five, all attaining the age of seventy, all lively, hospitable, and jabbering, all suppressing the Slave Trade and elevating the poor. Mrs. Hannah, thanks to her London flutters, was the best known, but shrewd observers thought Mrs. Patty the more formidable, and a letter of hers, presently to be quoted, confirms them. But oh, the schools and the hostile farmers! Oh, the hostile curates and the appeals to the Bishop of Bath and Wells! Lacrimose epistles, stilted diaries ("Lord, look upon Cheddar, suffer not the work begun there to fail," &c.). Abundance of strawberries and cream in the house. What can it have been like? It only becomes real to me in this little squirrel picture, painted when the sands were running out. Something faint and delicate emerges, the books rise to the ceiling, but the trees stir in the garden. The lovely provincialism of England takes shape, detaches itself from our suburbanism, smiles,

says, "I like my books, I like my garden, I like elevating the lower orders," and manages not to be absurd. Presently the old mistress will ring a bell, Louisa will fail to answer it, there will be horror, disillusionment, flight, the Industrial Revolution, Tolstoy, Walt Whitman, Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Webb. But the glass is unshattered for the moment, and though all it mirrors is temporary, yet there exist in its depths gleams independent of fashion or creed.

Surely she had charm, and her sisters some share in it also. Otherwise how explain the power they exercised from the depths of Somersetshire? And perhaps there is some truth in our tradition which declares that Hannah's letters were altered by her editor, William Roberts, after her death, and that posterity will consequently never know the nature of her attraction.

"She calls Sir Thomas Acland in one of her notes to me (writes her god-daughter) 'the recreant Knight of Devonshire,' which Roberts, thinking uncivil, I suppose, has altered into 'the excellent and estimable Sir T. Acland,' two words that playful woman never used in her life. Somewhere else she began to me, 'When I think of you I am gladerer and gladerer and gladerer,' which he, thinking bad English, has done into 'I am very glad.' Now if such an oaf as that will write a book, at least he should be honest."

It is on the labours of the oaf that subsequent editors depend. Mr. Brimley Johnson, though he has done his selecting well,* cannot hope to present a very arresting figure.

Her piety, unlike her charm, can be documented. It centred round Sunday. The Protestant time-complex (so much more teasing than the Catholic complex of place) had her in its grip. Recurring as it does once in every seven days, Sunday ended by making an enormous impression on her, and drove her into some very strange corners, for she was fond of pleasure and fun.

"Going to the opera, like getting drunk, is a sin that carries its own punishment with it, and that a very severe one (she writes in her youth). Thank my dear Doctor Stonehouse for his kind and seasonable admonition on my last Sunday's engagement at Mrs. Montagu's. Conscience had done its office before; nay, was busy at the time; and if it did not dash the cup of pleasure to the ground, infused at least a tincture of wormwood into it. I did think of the alarming call: 'What doest thou here, Elijah?' and I thought of it to-night at the opera."

Sunday night.

"Perhaps you will say I ought to have thought of it again to-day, when I tell you I have dined abroad; but it is a day I reflect on without those uneasy sensations one has when one is conscious it has been spent in trifling company. I have been at Mrs. Boscawen's."

In her later life she wished to dine out less, became intimate with the Clapham Sect, and ended by thinking nearly everything sinful: "The word Trinity, you know, means three. I once lived in a street called Trinity Street. I do think it very wrong to give such sacred names to common things." And "He who is taught arithmetic on a Sunday when a boy, will, when a man, open his shop on a Sunday." For my own part I prefer her like this. She gained nothing by being broadminded; what is the point of just being able to tolerate Gibbon? She is more herself in the country, shocked and busy, and surrounded by her sisters.

As to her work, it was good, if education is good. She taught the poor to read and wash, observe Sunday, and honour the King, and before her day no one had taught them anything. They had taught themselves. Her desire to meddle in their affairs was mixed with genuine pity and affection, and in some ways she

* "The Letters of Hannah More." Selected, with an Introduction, by R. Brimley Johnson. (Lans. 7s. 6d.)

came nearer to village life than do those who approach it with respect. Unless her pupils were farmers' sons she did not allow them to write, and she was horrified at the suggestion they should acquire history or science, while the suggestion that she had anything to learn from them would have evoked the French Revolution in her mind. Nevertheless, "if I know a little of anything in this world it is about the poor." She shared their sentimentality, and that love of anniversaries and funerals which supplies the absence of Art, and though she checked the vice which was their chief solace, she was not wild or stupid about it; she could even accept help from "a woman of loose morals but good natural sense, who became our friend sooner than some of the decent and the formal." If the destruction of instinct and the creation of an interest in the outside world are good things, then her work must be praised, for she effected the beginnings of both. Around her house for a radius of many miles the faint glimmer of education spread—samplers and alphabets, the sparks of our present conflagration. The farmers, wiser than she, foresaw that in time it would be impossible to find a "boy to plough or a wench to dress a shoulder of mutton," and that the evil old days might come back when the monks had preached Christianity from the top of Glastonbury Tor.

The funeral of Mrs. Baber, not in itself a historical landmark, may help us to realize the sisters' outlook. Mrs. Baber died in August, 1795. She was one of the teachers whom they engaged to help them in their schools. Mrs. Baber did her duty for many years, then she died, and rather fortunately Hannah was away at the time. Patty takes up the pen, and produces one of the great masterpieces of macabre literature. The lid has been removed and she lets herself boil over. "I took my letter yesterday to finish it at Cheddar, but alas! heavy grief and agitation render it almost impossible for me to write another word." It is a promising beginning: no short letter ever started with such a phrase. Images pour from her at once—the black dresses, the little handkerchiefs through which the tears drip on to the earth.

"When the procession moved off, Mr. Boak, who was so good as to come to the very house, preceded the corpse, with his hatband and gown on, which, as being unusual, added somewhat to the scene; then the body; then her sister and myself as chief mourners: a presumptuous title amidst such a weeping multitude; then the gentry, two and two; next her children, near two hundred: then all the parish in the same order: and, though the stones were rugged, you did not hear one single footstep.

"When we came to the outer gate of the churchyard, where all the people used to pay their duty to her by bows and courtesies, we were obliged to wait for Mr. Boak to go in and get his surplice on, to receive the corpse with the usual texts. This was almost too much for every creature, and Mr. Boak's voice was nearly lost; when he came to 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' he could scarcely utter it; but to feel it was a better thing. On our entrance into the church, the little remaining sight we had left discovered to us that it was almost full. How we were to be disposed of I could not tell. I took my old seat with the children, and close to her place. Mr. Boak gave us a discourse of thirty-five minutes, entirely upon the subject. They feared at one time Mr. Gilling must have been taken out. If you could for a moment doubt my account, I would add that the undertaker from Bristol wept like a child, and confessed that, without emolument, it was worth going a hundred miles to see such a sight."

It is certainly worth going back over a hundred years, and nothing in Hannah's own letters is as impressive. Patty goes on from height to height:—

"I forgot to mention, the children sobbed a suitable hymn over the grave. I said a great deal to them afterwards, and wrung their little hearts; for I knew but too well that the world and young blood would make an excellent sponge to wipe out, full soon, the awful lessons of that day; as we have not that exalted opinion of the dignity of human nature that some gentlemen and ladies have. I promised to go next Sunday to open the school if I am able. I think I shall go on horseback."

Then back again to her prey. She had longed to cry out and speak, "but I recollected that I had heard some-

where a woman must not speak in the church. Oh had she been interred in the churchyard, a messenger from Mr. Pitt should not have restrained me." And then silence. We hear no more of Mrs. Baber, and not much of the emotions that must for years have racked and sustained the sisterhood. No wonder they were suspected of "enthusiasm." The line that divided them from Joanna Southcott or Elspeth Buchan was not too clearly drawn.

Let us take one more peep at them, then lower for ever those venetian blinds. They are all together now, and with them is a younger virgin, Miss Selina Mills. Zachary Macaulay arrives to say good-bye: he is off to free some slaves in Sierra Leone. He wants to see the five Miss Mores, but he does want to see Miss Mills also. Hannah thinks this last wish undesirable, for Patty is passionately devoted to Miss Mills, and the harmony and usefulness of the house must not be disturbed. She makes excuses for the girl's absence, and when he inquires if his affection is returned, she says "No," telling a lie. But as he went downstairs he heard sobs from a secluded room, dashed in, and his Selina fell into his arms. There was a terrible scene, in the course of which the young man expressed his surprise "that those women who possessed the greatest share of intrinsic worth did not seem to possess that degree of estimation in the eyes of men which they merited." He could have "bitten out his tongue with vexation" for making such a remark, still he managed to make it, and it was long before he and his bride were forgiven. In after years the offspring of their union, little Tom Macaulay, visited Barley Wood and recited "all 'Palestine' while we breakfasted." Thus did time make amends, thus do the generations touch, and old Hannah, now sisterless and very gentle, observed that— But enough, enough. Release the squirrel, for he is also one of God's creatures. Cover up the chairs.

ART

CHINESE BRONZES AT MESSRS. YAMANAKA'S

THE exhibition of Chinese bronzes at Messrs. Yamanaka's brings home to us how rapidly our knowledge of Chinese art grows. It is not so long ago that Chou bronzes were almost mythical. It was known that a few existed, but it was pretty certain that nearly all the works that passed as such because they corresponded to early Chinese archaeological drawings were later fabrications. The authentic Chou bronze was a kind of chimera, and now in one room in Bond Street one finds no less than thirty-three objects ascribed with every guarantee of scholarship to periods before that Han Dynasty which was once the Ultima Thule of our backwards exploration.

Han itself has begun to seem almost commonplace in its familiarity, and we are more curious about unexplored aspects of the Six Dynasties or even of that immense whirlpool of cross currents which the T'ang has gradually unveiled to us.

It is difficult for us even now to find exactly what attitude to take before all these objects. So many conflicting emotions put in their claims. The exotic quality of all Chinese things has its obvious appeal. Exotic, but not too exotic. One thinks instinctively of the makers and owners of these bronzes as "quaint," no doubt, but as having an Epicureanism not altogether unlike our own. These Chinese objects have an air of belonging to people who were polite, traditional, and sophisticated, and that brings them near to our own ways of living and feeling, more so, I think, than is the case with those odd athletic beings who drank out of the black and red Greek vases. Then we hardly know when Epicurean habits might not suddenly give way to explosive irruptions of passion. But the Chinese—I feel sure that even if one had been put to death at the end of a feast with a dignitary of the Chou Empire all would have been conducted with reassuring decorum to the very last—for

the Chinese have something very safe and comfortable about them which even the grinning monsters' faces on their bronzes do little to dispel. It is this, surely, that makes their objects, even those of the remotest antiquity, fit so comfortably into our own homes.

There is a great delight in enjoying the exotic thrill without stirring from one's own armchair, and this being so we have the added thrill of antiquity. The imagination of our times is, it would seem, more easily and instantly stirred by great antiquity than by any other appeal. The historical sentiment must be universal for Tutankhamen to become a music-hall favourite. So here, too, we are put into an indulgent frame of mind before these works of art.

And yet again there is the novelty of designs which we have not yet got too well acquainted with, though this is already wearing off, and hardly any of the works here will give us the peculiar thrill which the first disclosure a few years ago of, let us say, Scythian plaques produced among amateurs.

Obviously all these agreeable feelings, though in themselves well worth having, tend to falsify our judgments. With almost every work of art it requires an effort to make the immediate contact of æsthetic apprehension through the intervening atmosphere of associated ideas and predispositions, and here with all this accessory imaginative excitement it is peculiarly difficult to get at the artist himself and feel sure that you and he are not speaking at cross-purposes. There is, of course, no reason why one should not enjoy works of art for all or any of those emotional accretions which collect round them, like the patina on these bronzes, but it is just the whim of the æsthete to try to brush them away.

And here the Chinese themselves put up, I think, an additional barrier by their excessive love of ritual. I cannot altogether trust myself æsthetically with people who invented the tea ceremony, people who deliberately hypnotized themselves into an attitude of expectant æsthetic adoration. They would say, no doubt, that this hypnotic business of walking along the garden path in silence to the tea house only served to produce a due receptivity, only put one into a favourable attitude. But that is just it; they are always getting one into too favourable an attitude, hypnotizing away one's critical common sense. They have a way of making things seem precious even before they are cunningly mounted and tastefully displayed.

I know that all these remarks apply still more to the Japanese, but I feel that even with these bronze workers of 500 B.C. you can never quite catch the artist unprepared for you, never see him so completely absorbed in his idea that he does not know you are looking over his shoulder. Perhaps this is giving too sharp expression to what is, after all, only a vague suspicion, and, indeed, one has at once to except from it the cases where animal life is the theme. The splendid rhinoceros, or at least rhinocerotid, No. 28, is there to prove how intensely these artists could understand life and interpret movement. He stands so obdurately squat upon his four columnar legs, so strong in spine and tendon, that he can hold his long neck straight out and unbent by the rounded mass of his heavy head, turned slowly round with such a bestially stupid stare as might have greeted one from some primeval monster. Here the artist has found how to conciliate the unexpected and irregular curvatures of living beings with the rigorous necessities of a peculiarly abstract and almost geometrical style.

In fact these early Chinese artists possessed in a high degree the rare power of suggesting life by very slight deflections from an abstractly conceived scheme of form. Another instance can be seen here in the bronze vase of "I" type (No. 34), also of pre-Han origin. Here the cover is slightly modelled, as it approaches the spout, into the suggestion of a bull's head. But these slight indications become vividly evocative simply by reason of the exact choice of position of the line of shadow given by the junction of cover and body. Why exactly this, which is utterly unlike the mouth of a bull, should "animate" the whole vessel it would be very hard to say.

The catalogue of the exhibition gives us no help, if, indeed, any such is available, towards distinguishing

various periods and schools among the various ritual bronzes of the Chou period, which lasted for eight centuries, but the differences of treatment are very considerable. One guesses that such a jar as No. 5, with its strong but stylized reminiscence of a four-legged beast and its curiously uniform linear decoration carried all over the surface, must be an early one. It is, at all events, very distinct from No. 3, which is perhaps the most impressive example of all. Here the all-over linear decoration is replaced by a broad and massive plastic movement of the whole surface, with a sense of proportion in every part that even the Chou artists rarely attained. In this and a few other specimens the Chou designers attain to classical perfection, but in the majority the artist seems to be more preoccupied by preciousness of surface quality and richness of general effect than by plastic expression.

A very curious series of objects is shown here which all come from a T'ang tomb in Hsi-an Fu, the capital of Shensi. They show to what an extent the art of this period was susceptible to outside influences. Here is a metal vase which might almost have come from Pompeii, but for its finer taste in proportion and the better spacing of its raised bird and flower ornaments. And beside it is a wine jar which has purely Mahomedan reminiscences. Presumably Sassanian models account for both. But more strange still are the flat elliptical dishes with exquisitely delicate embossed *rincaux* of flower-like forms around the flat rims. The outside of the rim of one of these dishes has those bracket-shaped reversed curves, like that of a "swept" frame, which suggest irresistibly to the European mind the rococo period, so vividly indeed that one cannot help attributing to the owners of such objects just such a complex, sophisticated refinement of civilization as the eighteenth century spells for us, an assumption which the poetry of the time bears out well enough. I suspect, indeed, that eclecticism such as the T'ang artists displayed always implies that careful savouring of style which distinguishes a self-conscious culture. But T'ang art is only an extreme case, for however far we go back in Chinese art we never seem able to get behind the self-consciousness of the artist to a purely instinctive response.

ROGER FRY.

MUSIC

BERNARD VAN DIEREN

FOR a considerable number of years it has been the singular and unenviable fate of Mr. van Dieren to have been talked of and written about without any of his music being either published or performed. Opinions have been formed and judgment passed upon it by people who certainly could never have seen or heard a single note of it, although, such is the power of auto-suggestion, it is quite possible that they really believed they had. Others, again, flatly refused to believe that such a person as van Dieren existed at all; the whole thing, according to them, was an elaborate practical joke on the part of a few disreputable people, of whom the present writer was the ringleader.

Fortunately, this preposterous, though supremely comic, state of affairs has come to an end, and the musical public has at last had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with some of his work. Within the last six months the Oxford University Press has published several compositions, mostly songs, and more are to come; at the same time performances have been given of several representative works, such as the Sonnet of Spenser for baritone and chamber orchestra (at the first of Mr. Gerald Cooper's admirable series of concerts), the Serenata for chamber orchestra (at a concert of the British Music Society), and, last and most important of all, a lengthy programme entirely devoted to his music, for which Mr. John Goss was responsible.

The general impression which these tardy publications and performances have made, as far as one can

judge from Press notices, seems to have been, on the whole, a favourable one, with certain reservations. Together with a feeling of surprise and relief at finding that, after all, this music did not sound as horrible as had been anticipated—some of it, strange to say, being almost beautiful—a great deal of bewilderment seems to have been occasioned by the extraordinary diversity of styles which the composer employs in different works. "Which is the real van Dieren?" asks Mr. Ernest Newman plaintively, after trying in vain to find a common term in such dissimilar utterances as the simple and traditional setting of the Epiphanias of Goethe, the elaborately contrapuntal string quartet, the humorous and parodistical excerpt from the opera, and other equally contrasted compositions. One might as well ask which is the real Catullus—the one who wrote the "Ave atque vale" or the one who wrote the "Salax taberna"; or which the real Shakespeare—the writer of "Twelfth Night" or "Measure for Measure," or of "The Tempest" or "Timon of Athens," and so on.

This curious distrust of versatility is of comparatively recent origin. While it is imperatively demanded of the modern artist that he should have a personal and easily recognizable style, he is at the same time expected to be its slave. He must continue to do the same thing, or the same kind of thing, all his life, if he is to be taken seriously. The illustrious Baron Baedeker, for example, concludes his survey of Sienese art thus: "With Domenico Beccafumi, who frequently changed his style, begins the period of decline," the implication, conveyed with the utmost subtlety, being that there is a definite connection between the two phenomena. Similarly, the musical critics seem to feel that there must be something exceedingly fishy about the manifold changes of style in the music of van Dieren. The explanation of this characteristic propensity, however, is to be found simply in the fact that the composer does not confine himself to the realization of a restricted circle of conceptions, but ranges freely throughout the entire field of music, adapting his style as he goes to the particular problem which he has set himself to solve. Nevertheless, these varied and particularized styles are not taken ready-made from the past or present, but are all wholly personal, even when they seem to be in a definite tradition. It would be impossible for anyone who knew his music well to mistake any work of his for that of another composer. The only exception to this general rule is to be found in the comic opera "The Tailor," from which an extract was given at Mr. Goss's concert. In it the ingenious parodies of musical styles of all periods remind one of the similar literary parodies in Mr. Joyce's "Ulysses."

Space forbids any detailed consideration of individual works. It is sufficient to say that the giving of such a concert, which under present conditions must inevitably entail considerable financial loss, not by a rich dilettante, but by a hardworking professional singer who can ill afford such extravagant demonstrations of faith, is surely in itself a proof of remarkable qualities in the music. The art which is capable of inspiring such devoted enthusiasm and self-sacrificing generosity on the part of its admirers is bound to triumph in the end, however formidable the opposition may be.

The execution of these, for the most part, very difficult works, attained a high level of excellence. The singing of Miss Megan Foster and Mr. Goss himself was admirable, and the piano playing, both in solo and in accompaniment, of Miss Kathleen Long could hardly have been bettered. The Kutcher Quartet struggled heroically with the great difficulties of the string quartet, and if their performance was imperfect, the fault is to be found in lack of sufficient rehearsal rather than in the players themselves. The same applies to the playing of the miniature orchestra under Mr. Barbirolli, perhaps the most gifted of our younger conductors, and to the earlier performances of the Sonnet and the Serenata under Mr. Anthony Bernard. Music such as this, unfortunately, demands an amount of rehearsal that is quite impracticable under present conditions; one must perforce choose between an inadequate performance and none at all.

CECIL GRAY.

FROM ALPHA TO OMEGA

THE "Q" Theatre, Barnes, is courageously producing four plays of Chekhov under the direction of M. Komissarjevski. They have begun with "Ivanoff," never seen in this country till it was produced the other day for the Stage Society, when M. Komissarjevski gained enthusiastic applause. In the new production Miss Jeanne de Casalis repeats her excellent performance of Anna Petrovna; but otherwise the cast was not of the same calibre as that collected for the Stage Society performance. Still those who missed the Stage Society should certainly go and make the acquaintance of the play at Barnes, while those who were present may be interested to compare the two performances and try to judge what exactly a producer can or cannot do with the material at his disposal.

* * *

"The Rising Generation," revived at Wyndham's Theatre last week, should please unexacting holiday audiences. It is very much a boys' and girls' play, and though its moral—that fathers and mothers are not altogether useless people when it comes to running a house and making arrangements for a children's party—is unimpeachable, it is not too insistent, the greater part of the play being occupied with the comic misadventures that take place between children, servants, cricket balls, and conservatory windows, when parents have been temporarily got rid of. The most talented members of the company, Mr. C. V. France and Miss Ena Grossmith, are wasted on the small parts they play, but the whole company works with unflagging spirit and to good effect.

* * *

Once more the figures given in "The Publishers' Circular" of the number of books published in 1925 show that the output of books is increasing. 13,202 books were published last year, an increase of 496 over the record figure of 1924. I do not share the optimism of those who rejoice in this "expanding output." I have seen no reason, during the last year, to alter my opinion that, in most departments, too many books are published, and that the quality is, on the average, poor. Some interesting alterations have taken place in the number of books published in the different departments of literature. I am glad to see that, at last, fiction shows a decrease—though a small one, 2,769 in 1925, as against 2,801 in 1924. It is notable that juvenile literature shows the largest increase; this class of book is now second on the list in order of popularity, having been seventh in 1914. Biography is another class for which the figures show increasing popularity, for it has risen from eleventh in 1914 to sixth in 1925.

OMICRON.

FOREST TREES

Two of one, yet not one.
The same parentage, but different mould.
Grace of its own, life of its own,
Glorified, but the sweat of man.

The land-boat and the sea-waggon,
Separate, but the same thought,
Beauty in both, music in both.
Poems of the water, songs of the field,
Sailing to windward, or standing by barn.

Born of death, yet beautifying death.
Calls of the night-time, calls of the day.
Lowing of oxen, and the wind-driven tempest,
"Making fast ropes," and the grinding of keels,
Deep in the hay-fields, and the mending of nets.

Lean on us here, and look on us there.
Washed of our paints, our highways lie different.
Chance made us comely, loved by all nature,
From green-covered glades to jetsam on shore,
From age to age waiting, mankind will we serve.

PHILIPPA POWYS.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

THE END OF HICKEY

THE fourth and last volume of "Memoirs of William Hickey" (Hurst & Blackett, 21s.) has now been published. In these days, when the resurrection and publication of eighteenth-century diaries and memoirs are so fashionable, editors and publishers ought to be extremely careful to put before the public clear proof of authenticity. I read lately that much-advertised book "The Diary of a Young Lady of Fashion" (Thornton Butterworth, 7s. 6d.); the book professed to be the diary of a contemporary of William Hickey; it read like a nineteenth-century novel by a contemporary and admirer of Mrs. Elinor Glyn; and no proof of its authenticity was offered. An editor who edits a book in that way is not fulfilling his duty to his readers.

When the earlier volumes of Hickey's memoirs were published the editing was open to some criticism. Indeed, the writer of a recent letter to the *TIMES LITERARY SUPPLEMENT* seemed to impugn their genuineness. In that case his objections were answered satisfactorily; and all the internal evidence, I should say, speaks to the authenticity of the memoirs. Now in the fourth volume Mr. Spencer, the editor, gives the history of the MS. and a considerable amount of information about the Hickey family. Mr. Spencer says that a comparison of the MS. with a letter in the British Museum, written by Hickey to the Judges of the Supreme Court in Bengal, proves conclusively that the whole of the memoirs are in Hickey's own handwriting.

There is one point connected with the editing of these four volumes about which I personally feel strongly. Mr. Spencer writes in his Preface:—

"In reading the MS. I found many pages which I believed would be thought dull, and others which, owing to the freedom of the language used, would be considered unfit for publication. For these reasons, and because of the wish to get the work into a reasonable compass, the MS. has gone through a process of elimination."

In this decision Mr. Spencer was, I think, almost certainly wrong. The history of Pepys's diary should be a warning to editors. There are two reasons alleged for this "process of elimination," dullness and indecency. It may, of course, be absolutely necessary to curtail a book in order to get it "into a reasonable compass." Without knowing exactly how much Mr. Spencer has eliminated we cannot say whether his use of the scissors was justified on this ground. But the work already runs to four long and expensive volumes, and I cannot see that one or even two more volumes would have made the compass less reasonable from the point of view of the "general reader," of whom Mr. Spencer, as he tells us, was thinking. As it is, Hickey is not a book for the ordinary "general reader"—there is much, particularly in the last two volumes, which to many people will seem dull, though to the historically minded it is of great interest. That in fact is the point: what is "dull"? People who will delight in the perpetual and half-hearted impropriety of "A Young Lady of Fashion" will find what I think extremely interesting in Hickey dull, while I am bored to a standstill by the "Young Lady." As for bowdlerization, there is nothing to be said for it, particularly in any book which has historical importance. It has the disastrous effect of falsifying the character of the writer and the manners of the time. Morally, too, it is, I think, indefensible. Everyone knows that there are dozens of books printed, from the Bible and Shakespeare to the paper-covered books in the pornographic shops which flourish in some of our principal streets, in

which extreme freedom of language is considered fit for publication. Why should Hickey be bowdlerized and Shakespeare be given as a prize to young people? The fact is that most healthy people take a healthy pleasure in "freedom of language," and its erratic suppression by editors directly encourages an unhealthy pleasure in it.

But that is the end of my grumbling. Hickey himself is something to be grateful for. He remains to the end the same spirited gentleman with a wonderful (and extraordinarily cheerful) eye for other people's misfortunes and catastrophes. The habit of recording in his diary the violent ends of friends, acquaintances, and strangers seems to have grown on him, and it is characteristic that the last entry in his memoirs, written after his retirement and return to England, in Little Hall Barn at Beaconsfield in 1813, is a record that "unhappily since my return to England no less than seven homeward-bound East Indiamen have foundered at sea, and all on board perished." After giving the names of "these disastrous vessels," he goes on to give a complete list of the passengers who went down in four of the "ill-fated vessels"—upon which note he apparently decided to end the record of his life, for he seems to have died seventeen years later.

I do not think I know of any book which records so many and such strange fatalities as this. In the eighteenth century life in India was usually violent and short, and death, as often as not, sudden, but Hickey makes the most of his opportunities. Perhaps, as an obituary writer, he never reached greater heights than in the story of his friend Rees's death at sea. Rees was a married man, but fell in love with Miss Rawlinson, who was his wife's friend and was staying with them in India. Mrs. Rees left the house, and Miss Rawlinson continued to live with Rees, changing her name to Miss Rivers. Rees was shortly after attacked with a dysentery, and the doctors prescribed a sea voyage. He "and his elegant companion" embarked on the "Althæa," but Rees got worse and worse and, when five days from St. Helena, he had not the strength to sit up in his berth, though, with his usual gay spirits, he lay there cracking jokes. He sent a message to the Captain asking him to come and see him immediately, but when Captain Roberts hurried to the cabin thinking that he wanted to communicate some last message of importance, Rees addressed him thus: "My dear Roberts, I understand you have this morning killed a remarkably fine Bengal sheep. Now, as you very well know that I cannot hold out many hours longer, and no evil can therefore ensue from a compliance with my request, do, my good fellow, gratify me with a mutton chop, for upon my soul I am cursed hungry." When the horrified Captain suggested a little weak broth or a boiled chicken as an alternative, the indomitable Rees replied:—

"Psha! Damn your broth and boiled chicken. I desire no such execrable stuff, and as to being better for me, that is all cudree fal lal, sheer nonsense, I am dished beyond redemption, completely done up at least for this world; by this hour to-morrow, instead of my tongue running as it does at present, a dozen hungry sharks will be nibbling at the wooden case in which I presume your humanity will induce you to enclose my bag of bones, anxious to scrape a leg or an arm, and gobble up guts if they can find any."

Mutton chops were accordingly provided, and two persons held Rees up while he ate two of them. Three hours later he "drew his last breath."

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

THE DUTCH SCHOOL

The National Gallery: the Netherlands, Germany, Spain.
By Sir CHARLES HOLMES. (Bell, 25s.)

EVIDENTLY Sir Charles Holmes supposes that in devoting five-sixths of this volume—for the book is, in fact, Vol. II. of his critical study of the National Gallery—to the Netherlands and German schools he is doing something brave. This is a not unnatural mistake: a few years ago he would have been doing something brave, and the director of a national gallery who is not more than a few years behind the times is something to be thankful for, and something for which we are thankful. As a matter of fact Sir Charles arrives with his book in the very nick of time. The Dutch are coming into fashion; and, human nature being what it is, need I add that the Italians, the Italian primitives at any rate, are going out? In making much of Dutch pictures—portraits, interiors, landscapes, and “conversation-pieces,” with their humdrum design, anecdotic relation of form to form, and shop-finish, with their desolating verisimilitude and painfully adroit technique—the Director is putting himself in Mr. Roger Fry’s old place, and will, unless I mistake, find Mr. Fry marching only a little in front of him.

The reaction was inevitable. The generation of 1900—*cujus pars minima fui*—which swore by the Byzantines and the Italian primitives and treated the great men of the high Renaissance and after, especially the Dutchmen, with unbecoming and silly contempt, was altogether too high and mighty. We worshipped plastic expression and respected nothing else. “Plastic,” I say, lest anyone should suspect me of putting in a good word for *Expressionismus*—the very antithesis of what we worshipped. *Expressionismus*—I think the German name best suits the thing—is a disease endemic in the Germanic races and in Central Europe normally rampant. We have plenty of it in England; indeed about this time of year one is sure to see in the shops examples, treating of Elfdand and suchlike, not essentially inferior to the masterpieces of Klee. The expression we were in love with was something purely æsthetic. Take the difference between the slightest arabesque intentionally drawn by an artist, and the amusing smudge made on the ceiling by a sooty lamp, raise that difference to the *n*th, and you will understand what it was. And in oriental art, or, nearer home, in romanesque sculpture and architecture, in Byzantine mosaics and Italian primitives, we found it.

By the ferocious young of the rising generation I have heard the paintings of the Italian primitives described as “mere coloured drawings.” Paint—oil-paint—is what they want; and from the Dutch, God knows, they get it. Whereas we, when we wished to make ourselves pleasant, used to say of a picture, “C’est très senti”; they mutter, “C’est de la peinture.” And I suppose the works of Terborch are that. Painters, in fact, are sick of discovering that very few, and those few only in moments of inspiration, are artists. At least one in fifty stands a chance of being a craftsman, and of being it most of the time.

“Credette Cimabue nella pittura
tener lo campo, ed ora ha Giotto il grido.”

Sir Charles’s book comes at the right moment: yet is it far less readable than the first volume, on the Italian school. And the reason is, I fancy, that Sir Charles, too, is a little bored by the men he came to bless. Hubert Van Eyck (what there is of him), some minor fraction of Rembrandt’s vast output, a few pictures by Vermeer (who, if we may trust the experts, produced some sad stuff, too), and much, very much, of Rubens, we all admire. Of these artists, when artists they are, I hope even I am capable of appreciating the greatness. Yet I must confess I would give the whole school, and the Germans to boot, for one wall of the chapel at Padua, or of the chancel at Arezzo. What is more, I believe Sir Charles in his heart agrees. I believe that is why those interludes of theorizing, which in the first volume seemed full of pith and purpose, in this seem forced and trivial. Something by way of theory—æsthetic theory—there had to be: but the Director’s heart was not in it when the best he could find to play with was the hypothesis that, because in Holland the winter is long

and dark, Dutch amateurs insisted on having cheerful, accurate pictures to recall happy, holiday haunts. It may be true. They had no Kodaks. But if true, what becomes of that Art Sir Charles set out to commend? If he could find no more flattering hypothesis to open with, must he not feel about his subject much as I do?

Certainly he feels that he is dragging us into a world very different from that to which his first volume bore us. It is a world in which, without a touch of bathos or irony, one can speak of “stately full-length figures of Saints standing erect in landscapes which Boute himself could not surpass”; a world in which so scholarly a writer as Sir Charles Holmes thinks nothing of saying “no less unique”; a world in which a stay of two hundred pages induces so sore a sense of weariness and irritation that the panegyrist himself at last lets fly the opinion that “three or four small landscapes by Matthew Maria . . . deserve a place with the best things of the kind which seventeenth-century Holland gave us.” Not in my deepest moments of distress, in the heart of the Peel collection, have I so far forgot myself.

CLIVE BELL.

THE NEW SOCIALISM

Socialism for To-day. By H. N. BRAILSFORD. (I.L.P. Publication Department. 2s. 6d.)

Revolution by Reason. By JOHN STRACHEY. (Parsons. 7s. 6d.)

THESE books are both attempts to expound the revised conceptions of Socialism which are taking shape within the brains of that fertile sect, the Independent Labour Party, and they have much in common. Of the two authors Mr. Brailsford writes with by far the surer and more practised hand. He charms us at the outset with a delightful piece of description drawn from his traveller’s memory: he sets out the defects of Private Capitalism with such a graceful pungency, such a skilful array of selected instances, that we almost feel that we are hearing the story for the first time: he makes effective play with that godsend to Socialists, Mr. Hartley Withers’ imaginative account of the origins of Capitalism in Robinson-Crusoe-Land (“Mr. Withers forgot to mention that Crusoe had a gun”). Above all he writes with knowledge and penetration on the economic causes of war and conditions of durable peace. There is real danger at the moment lest, pardonably elated by Locarno, we should be blind to the implications of Morocco and Syria, Mosul and Shanghai.

Perhaps even Mr. Strachey, whose Economic Council is to see to it that the first-fruits of the world’s harvests “[go] to the satisfaction of British needs,” might re-read these particular chapters of Mr. Brailsford’s with profit. His own book is, I am sure, the product of a conscience no less sensitive and an enthusiasm no less sincere; but his rhetoric is more fatiguing, his sarcasm more crude. I feel that I shall put “Socialism for To-day” into the hands of my most fox-hunting and down-with-the-miners pupils with high hopes of a medicinal effect, but that I shall not say much about “Revolution by Reason,” lest their complacency should be not shaken but fortified.

There are passages in both these books which that cold-hearted pedant, the academic economist, can hardly be expected to pass over in silence. Thus Mr. Brailsford quotes, correctly, Professor Bowley’s estimate of £344 millions as the 1907 total of wages in the mining and manufacturing industries, and then calmly alludes to this figure as “the entire income of the wage-earning masses,”—a very different affair, for which Professor Bowley’s figure for 1906 was £733 millions. He asserts without a shadow of proof that the “economy of higher wages” argument is relevant under existing conditions to the export trades. Mr. Strachey, for his part, tells us, on page 94, that that part of the income of the rich which is saved “does not absorb commodities, and therefore exercises no influence towards increased production,” and conducts most of his argument on this basis, though by the time he reaches page 222 he has remembered that savings may be (indeed he goes too far and suggests that they *must* be) spent on instrumental goods. He wastes several pages in hunting a heresy, fastened for some reason on to poor Mr. R. H. Brand, to the effect that “production and consumption at home are useless.” To his indignant

question, "Is it seriously contended that we cannot have complete division of labour within a community of forty-five million souls?" the slogan "Yes; we have no bananas" would seem to be an adequate reply. And if the Quantity Theory of Money were really the slipshod travesty presented to us in its name on page 35, it would not be surprising if that theory were, as he oddly asserts it to be, "denied by all the more conservative professors of economics."

These blunders are the more regrettable in that the ideas which lie behind the constructive portions of these books merit serious attention. Both writers are imbued with certain notions of the meaning of Socialism which seem to be steadily ousting the Great Guild Stunt, as that in its time ousted the cruder forms of Collectivism, from primacy of place in the consciousness of intelligent English Socialists. To put it broadly, there is a change of emphasis from manufacture to finance and commerce—from the mere wresting of "control" from those who at present exercise it, to the building up of new powers of control which nobody has hitherto exercised at all. Accordingly Mr. Brailsford devotes several interesting chapters to the elaboration of schemes for the socialization of credit and of the import of raw materials. Armed with this double weapon, the State is to be in a position to reduce the status of the capitalist manufacturer to that of a mere worker on commission. I think we must expect that for a time this line of thought, like its predecessors, will be overdone. I suspect that its exponents exaggerate the efficacy of the blackmail powers which it is proposed to put into the hands of the State, and the economies which will result from the taking over by a Government machine of part of the costly duties of storage and merchandising. But I think that these projects rest nevertheless on the solid theoretical basis that the State, if it can acquire the necessary technique, is in a position to take longer and larger risks than the private speculator, and so to exercise more effectively that stabilizing influence which the latter exercises at present with imperfect success and for a reward which is often arbitrary and exaggerated.

Mr. Strachey gives most of his attention to currency matters, and puts before us, probably as lucidly as it can be put, that scheme of radical reform which we are to know, apparently, as the "Birmingham proposals" and to connect with the name of Mr. Oswald Mosley. It is impossible in a brief space either to expound these proposals fairly or to criticize them adequately. Briefly, they spring from a union (as it seems to me, a fruitful one) between the modern theories of credit-control, familiar to readers of *THE NATION*, and the century-old Socialist theory of "under-consumption" and "over-saving." In Mr. Keynes's doctrine of the increase of "real balances" during depression the modern Socialist can legitimately find support for his old conviction that the fact that those who have got money do not always want to spend it, even on the instruments of production, is a potent cause of unemployment. And his intuition is, I think, right in rejecting Mr. Hawtrey's facile solution—that the whole trouble can be blown away by the offer of credit on sufficiently easy terms to manufacturers and merchants. There is, so far as I can see, nothing inherently fallacious in Mr. Strachey's notion of inflating working-class purchasing power during periods of deep depression by State issues of currency or credit. But I do not agree with him that the required stimulus to production could be imparted without a substantial rise in prices, for I think that he enormously over-estimates the elasticity or expansibility of supply in all industries which use animal or vegetable raw materials. Nor do I think that he faces the fact that the bulk of unemployment to-day is not in the industries making for working-class consumption, but in those making the instruments of production: and that the distress of the latter would be aggravated and not relieved by the proposed transference of purchasing-power from the investing to the manual-working classes. The transition which Mr. Strachey envisages could only be achieved with any speed at the cost of a harrying of private enterprise by his all-powerful Economic Council which seems to have few advantages, if any, over straightforward nationalization; and at the cost, too, of a fight with the vested interests of Trade Unions which, on page 139, he faces with a light-heartedness, or rather ignores with a Nelsonian ingenuity, which one can only envy.

D. H. ROBERTSON.

THE MUTINY

The Other Side of the Medal. By EDWARD THOMPSON. (Hogarth Press. 5s.)

DR. THOMPSON'S little book has a significance out of all proportion to its size. Indeed, it may not improbably prove to be the most important contribution in recent years to the criticism of the British dominion in India. In its 120 pages there is contained a terrible arraignment, consisting entirely of the words of British officers of the Mutiny period. They have, as a matter of fact, all been quite easily accessible in the records; but here they are brought together with tremendous effect, the task having been accomplished with noteworthy restraint and economy of words.

Writing with the experience of many years' close association with Indians, Dr. Thompson begins by calling attention to two facts which are frequently cited by Anglo-Indians as convincing evidence of Oriental insensitiveness. They are: first, that the great benefits conferred upon the country by British rule have not moved the Indians to measurable gratitude; and secondly, that the educated Indian remains essentially irreconcilable. Many Englishmen, he says, have pushed hard at the barrier between the two races, only to realize that "they have gone through a curtain painted like a wall, to find the real wall, granite and immovable, behind." What is the explanation? Is there any one cause to be discerned? Dr. Thompson answers that it is to be sought in the Indian memory, which, like the memory of all subject peoples, is long and tenacious. He insists that India holds against us in particular the record of one awful series of events: namely, those connected with the vengeance that was exacted for the Mutiny. The nature of that vengeance is displayed in all the contemporary narratives. It was set forth, and gloried in, by the now incredible warrior-saints of the Victorian age, from Herbert Edwardes, whom Ruskin admired, and John Lawrence and John Nicholson, adored by all England, to the young lieutenant, Frederick Roberts, who was destined to become the typical Christian veteran of England a generation later.

Dr. Thompson holds that the revolt of 1857 was not merely a mutiny of Sepoy regiments, but bore the character of a national uprising. It was provoked by the harsh punishment at Meerut of 85 Sepoys for refusing to handle the cartridges greased with animal fat—a punishment called by Lord Canning, the Governor-General, "a folly that is inconceivable." Before the occurrence of such horrors as the well at Cawnpore, British commanders had entered upon the policy of unremitting frightfulness. Not content with the shooting of mutineers and suspects, they gave orders for indiscriminate killing, for the burning of villages, the most shocking forms of torture and humiliation, and measures of terrorism against people who, so far from being in league with the mutineers, were known by their acts to be friendly to the ruling Power. Careful proof of all his statements is submitted by Dr. Thompson. He does not make use of a single hostile Indian witness. His authorities are the standard histories of the Mutiny—Kaye's and the rest—together with the letters and official papers of the officers responsible, and other eyewitnesses.

We see, for example, John Lawrence writing in cold blood to Herbert Edwardes that he would not advise the blowing from guns of more than one-third of the 120 prisoners at Peshawar. We see Nicholson demanding authority for "the flaying alive, impalement, or burning of the murderers of the women and children at Delhi." He does not think we should refrain from inflicting torture because it is a native custom. We see one high official after another commending the massacres, and in almost every case, with indescribable unction, citing the Old Testament in justification.

Dr. Thompson refrains from recalling the most abominable things done by Neill and other Mutiny Generals; but he quotes at some length from the personal narrative of Frederick Cooper, deputy-commissioner of Amritsar (name of ill-omen then as now), who, at Ujnalla in the Punjab, after a shocking piece of deception, shot nearly 500 men, tied together in batches of ten, in revenge for the lives of two Englishmen. Cooper, with a loathsome self-righteousness, recorded his own exploit as an act of conspicuous public virtue. He thought that his account, "written by the

principal actor in the scene himself, might read strangely at home." But, he reflects,

"The Governors of the Punjab are of the true English stamp and mould, and knew that England expected every man to do his duty, and that duty done, thanks them warmly for doing it."

The true English stamp and mould! "There is a well at Cawnpore," he wrote, "but there is also a well at Ujnalla."

Dr. Thompson tells us that he withheld the book for a long time. He knew that its purpose would be mistaken by his fellow-countrymen, especially in India, and, of course, he foresaw the uses to which it would be put by the enemies of Britain. He released it for publication because of his conviction that knowledge of the deeds done in the Mutiny works on the Indian side as a continuous poison against us, and because of his hope that some action or gesture on the part of British authority may now be possible for the obliteration of a malignant memory. The impressive repudiation of Dyerism six years ago was a valuable step along the line sketched by Dr. Thompson, but we have now to recognize the distressing fact that the successive pro-Dyer demonstrations since 1920 have gone far to restore the Indian belief in what the Indian satirists of yesterday were wont to describe as "the tiger qualities of the British lion."

TWO AMBASSADORS

The Life and Letters of Walter H. Page. By BURTON J. HENDRICK. Vol. III. (Heinemann. 21s.)

Social and Diplomatic Memories, 1902-1919. By Sir J. RENNELL RODD. (Arnold. 21s.)

THESE two books, both extremely interesting in their own way, give one a strange and disturbing sense of the difference of the New World from the Old. Sir Rennell Rodd, who was His Majesty's representative at the Court of Sweden and the Court of Italy, is an admirable example of the Old World and its ways. Cultured, polished, fond of "good stories," speaking and thinking in the half-tones of good society, the Old World—at least of diplomacy—is charming, but, one cannot help feeling, anæmic. It is alive, but even in the art of living it is dilettante. Sir Rennell Rodd's new volume is as entertaining as his two previous ones, and it is more serious since it covers the period of the war. But when you compare it to Page's letters, it seems hardly serious at all. This third volume of the letters is as interesting as the first two, for it contains what he wrote to President Wilson. Page, as his correspondence has already shown us, was a singularly intelligent man. He was also a mightily serious man. That is, perhaps, characteristic of the New World, and we must admit that socially we have often been dismayed and discouraged by the enormous seriousness of the American. But to be intelligently serious about serious things and at the same time to retain one's sense of humour is a notable achievement. That is what, we think, Page succeeded in achieving, and what makes his letters remarkable. His judgment was by no means faultless. The Old World, with its culture, polish, charm, and magnificent *vis inertia*, took him in, just as it took in an even more intelligent compatriot of his; the war completely took him in, and he prophesied that it would leave us, after a victory of the Allies, bankrupt "but free"! Yet one cannot read his letters without at the same time liking the man and admiring his live intelligence.

As a picture of English society, in its upper strata, just before and during the war, Page's letters are admirable. They also have a certain historical value. They raise, for instance, the very interesting and difficult question of whether Wilson and the United States could have ended the war in 1915. The most curious disclosure is perhaps that contained in the following report written by Page to the President on August 25th, 1914:—

"Officials in the Admiralty Office yesterday discussed with Symington, our naval attaché, their possible action in case of serious reverses on land and sea. They said that England might find herself in a desperate struggle for existence. Then the War Office and the Admiralty might take over management of foreign relations and practically everything else, as they have done in Germany and France."

The "loyalty" of the soldiers and sailors in high places is a curious variety.

THE TRUTH ABOUT THE PHILIPPINES?

The Isles of Fear: the Truth about the Philippines. By KATHERINE MAYO. (Faber & Gwyer. 15s.)

If one wished to be unkind, one might say that no book as badly written as this one is could communicate the truth about anything. The writer uses the sort of journalese which has become familiar to us in the cinema captions. Such a style is dangerous, because it goes a long way towards destroying the faith of the reader, but it would be unfair to Miss Mayo's honest intentions not to struggle against this handicap.

Miss Mayo went to the Philippines in 1924 "to collect material" which would help her countrymen to arrive at a clear judgment on the question of Philippine National Independence. She went on her own initiative, unconnected with any cause, organization, or party, and "as ignorant concerning [the Filipinos] as the most uninformed person in America." Her method was to tour the islands, and to talk with all classes of the inhabitants, inquiring into their situation under the operation of the Jones Bill, and finding out their personal views on the question of Independence.

The result is an unqualified indictment of Governor-General Harrison, who put the Jones Bill into force, and who, by interpreting it always to the advantage of Filipino, at the expense of American political control, virtually gave the islands self-government for seven years. Everyone knows the history of the Philippine National Bank, the pathetic failure of Filipinos, innocent of training, to cope with an instrument of modern finance, and their failure, in some cases, even to approximate to the civilized idea of business honesty. Anyone, using ordinary common-sense, can guess what happened at the same period to the American Judicial system, and to the admirable hospitals. In the words of the Wood-Forbes Commission, which was sent to investigate at the end of the seven years, the general administration of justice was "deplorable," and the Health Service had "deteriorated." Miss Mayo attributes every failure on the part of the Filipino Legislature, not to inexperience, but to a fiendish cynicism. This is grotesquely unjust. Furthermore, the Wood-Forbes Commission states that it found "many holding high positions in the judicial, executive, and education departments who would be a credit to any government." The most serious part of Miss Mayo's testimony concerns the increase in the power of the usurer, and the abuse of women prisoners by the prison-guards, and of girls by their Filipino school-teachers. The problem of usury is well-known, and its best solution seems to lie in the extension of the Rural Credits system, inaugurated, by the way, under the Burton Harrison régime. There seems no doubt, if Miss Mayo's account is accurate, that the second evil is widespread and serious, and should receive more attention than, apparently, it has had. She describes the Native Constabulary in terms of unqualified abuse; the Wood-Forbes Commission, however, found it dependable and satisfactory in discipline and morale. And she reports, except in what she is apt to call "the lean cacique band," a unanimous demand for the continuation of American rule. The Wood-Forbes Commission, on the other hand, found "everywhere among the Christianized Filipinos [90 per cent. of the population] a desire for Independence."

The truth is that, like so many people, Miss Mayo loves a "native" when he is oppressed, or living gratefully under her country's rule, and dislikes him, instinctively, when he wants to rule for himself. By those who passionately share her feeling, her book will, as Mr. Lionel Curtis suggests in his preface, "be used to discredit the policy applied to India by the British Government in the pronouncement of August, 1917." But Miss Mayo deals too airily with the machinery of administration, and too exclusively in individual opinion, to be really enlightening on an experiment which is of the utmost interest in regard to Indian politics. Her instinctive bias makes her confound what would be the normal working of the Jones Bill with the personal delusions of Burton Harrison, who thought untrained Filipinos could make efficient substitutes for New York bankers and doctors. Of the actual details of its working at the present day, Miss Mayo is not calm enough to tell us. It remains in operation, however, and must remain, as an earnest of the sincerity of America, whose consistent encouragement of the Filipino hope of independence has been as much a part of her admirable rule in the Philippines as her hospitals and law.

IRISH HISTORY

History of Ireland, 1798-1924. By the Rt. Hon. Sir JAMES O'CONNOR. 2 vols. (Arnold, 38s.)

Nor the least noxious result of Pitt's Union was the inordinate dosage of nationalist propaganda which Young Ireland found itself required to swallow during the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. Sir James's book is a product of the reaction which seems to have set in among Irish Catholics against the excessive use of that unwholesome stimulant. Sir James is a trained lawyer with a fine eye for the weaknesses in his countrymen's character and case, and he is not afraid to take full advantage of the freedom of the Press. Is it an outward and visible sign of the intellectual salvation brought to Ireland by the Anglo-Irish Treaty that such a book can now be written by an Irish Catholic Home Ruler? We think it is. But let us not be too sure. Sir James O'Connor now resides in England.

Indeed, though he is righteously merciless towards the British Government's handling of the gunmen's war, Sir James seems to have a partiality for England. Few Irishmen can be as satisfied as he is with the results of British educational policy in Ireland. And he even acquits the British administration on the charge of incompetence in its dealing with the great famine. But he reveals truths which have been too often hid from Irish Catholic eyes, when he demonstrates that the Union policy, though mistaken, was neither stupid nor dishonourable, and that, "for the fifty years which preceded the Anglo-Irish Treaty, the legislation for Ireland at Westminster, though tardy for lack of clearer comprehension, shows a record of State aid and beneficent work unequalled in any country in the world." Sir James has a taste for personalities, and his sketches of the Irish protagonists are always amusing, if sometimes we suspect caricature. He is surely less than fair to the younger men. He has little but contempt for Collins and Griffith. Nor, indeed, has he much reverence for the elder statesmen. Grattan, Redmond, Butt, Michael Davitt, and Kevin O'Higgins are left standing, but all the other Irish idols are shown to have feet of clay. The Church itself does not escape criticism, and O'Connell is made the hero of a farce.

None the less Sir James has claims to rank as a serious historian, because his mind is always returning to the underlying and permanent factors in Ireland's history. He keeps in view a race dispossessed of the land by another, and steadfastly refusing to admit any moral title in the dispossessors or their successors. This is to him the pivotal fact in Irish history for the past century. He sees, too, that in the eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth century a great part of the dispossessed race had been driven to adopt the standard of living and the ethical code of savages, and that the alien landlords had good reason to fear a sudden transfer of power to the oppressed. He barely escapes the conclusion that Home Rule could not safely have preceded Gladstone's Land Acts or Wyndham's Land Purchase. But if differences of race and religion put difficulties in the way of Irish Home Rule, the antagonism between a Catholic and a Protestant civilization made union with England impossible. That antagonism Sir James holds to be strong and ineradicable so long as religion retains any power over our minds. It follows therefore that Protestant Ulster has a valid claim for autonomy. Yet if union between Ulster, Ireland, and England is impossible, so also is separation for strategic and economic reasons.

For Ireland he sees no brilliant future. Lacking minerals, she is by nature destined to be a small agricultural, or rather pastoral, country, incapable of supporting in comfort a population much in excess of five millions, owing such wealth as may fall to her lot chiefly to the prosperity of her English customer, and finding in emigration an outlet for the superabundance of her virile energy. Her damp and enervating climate favours grazing rather than tillage. Political conditions produced an obsession for small culture, but there may be a reaction in favour of large farms mostly used for grazing. We may see Ireland differently from Sir James, but never without a suspicion that his insight may be deeper and clearer than ours. His History is not the Classical Muse; but at least she is a very shrewd, instructive, and entertaining conversationalist.

BERNADOTTE AND NAPOLEON

Bernadotte, Prince and King: 1810-1844. By the Rt. Hon. Sir DUNBAR PLUNKET BARTON, *et.*, K.C., J.C. (Murray, 12s.)

Napoleonic Anecdotes. By LOUIS COHEN. (Holden, 12s. 6d.)

It is curious that no important work in English has appeared hitherto dealing with the whole of what is surely one of the most meteoric and dazzling careers of the Napoleonic epoch. And one, moreover, which culminated uniquely in that age, in the foundation of a dynasty which has endured. Ney's transcendent heroism, Talleyrand's cruel and cynical sanity, Murat's grotesque magnificence, and the qualities of a score of others have interested biographers more keenly than the character of Bernadotte. Sir Dunbar Barton's trilogy, of which "Bernadotte, Prince and King" forms the concluding part, is therefore the more welcome. The two former volumes, "Bernadotte, the First Phase" and "Bernadotte and Napoleon," bring the life down to his election as Prince Royal of Sweden in 1810. If the career of this remarkable man has failed to rouse great interest among English professional historians, it has certainly succeeded in fascinating this scholarly amateur.

The two most impressive qualities of the book are its impartiality and its lucidity, although at times the author inclines to overestimate both the importance and the capacity of Bernadotte. He takes a little too seriously, for example, the Tsar's flattering assurances of the ex-marshal's influence during the critical negotiations which preceded the War of Liberation. Again, during the ensuing campaign in North Germany, too little credit is given to that very capable soldier Bülow, although Bernadotte himself in his bulletin from Grossbeeren shows what an important rôle the Prussian soldier played in this decisive action. Also Bernadotte's very real fear of Napoleon is consistently minimized. His military movements tended to awkwardness in the presence of the Emperor, and even from the uneasiness which underlay his correspondence with him it is clear that he never entirely ceased to be alarmed at his former master's personal enmity, and bitter at his own consciousness of inferiority. But these occasional faults of emphasis do not seriously impair the consistency of the author's impartiality.

Sir Dunbar Barton's estimate of Bernadotte's personality is a very convincing one. He sees in his Gascon temperament the key to his character, in which he agrees with de Vogüé who shrewdly declared him to be the epitome of his race. Napoleon is quoted as calling him "a true Gascon," and Albert Sorel "a pure Gascon of Gascony." Gascons are reputed to conceal their shrewdness by adopting a bold and bragging mien. Bernadotte's façade, boastful, reckless, and theatrical, certainly masked a dogged tenacity of purpose, an admirable patience, and a sense of reality in politics which his contemporaries could not fully have perceived. Only after a century can the relatively permanent nature of his work be appreciated. His grandiloquent manner was in no way a pose; it was as natural an expression of his personality as was his patient persistency in statecraft. Viewed as a man, both these aspects of him are equally real and important; viewed as a statesman, his Gascon exterior is merely incidental.

"Napoleonic Anecdotes" is a collection of several hundred extracts, collected, for the most part, from memoirs and biographies of the Consulate, First Empire and the Restoration, relating, as the title suggests, to the personality and environment of Napoleon. It contains innumerable illustrations of his fantastic egoism, his brutality, his irritability, of the boundless devotion which he often inspired, of his relations with his wives and marshals. Altogether the book gives a vivid impression of the Napoleonic scene. For example, the tolerant cynicism of Louis XVIII. is delightfully summed up in his reputed utterance while inspecting the Tuileries after the Restoration: "He was a good tenant, this Napoleon."

In spite of making entertaining reading it is a scissors and paste affair and very inaccurate. For the author culls his stories in equal profusion and with equal zest from good, bad, and indifferent sources. In a great number of cases he does not trouble to give any authority at all. The catholicity of his taste in sources, while it does not detract from the value of the book as a series of amusing anecdotes, has rendered a great part of it very doubtful history.

PLAYS OF YESTERDAY

Plays of To-day. Vol. I.—**Chains.** By ELIZABETH BAKER; **Abraham Lincoln.** By JOHN DRINKWATER; **Jane Clegg.** By ST. JOHN ERVINE; **The Voyage Inheritance.** By GRANVILLE BARKER; **Hindle Wakes.** By STANLEY HOUGHTON. Vol. II.—**Prunella.** By GRANVILLE BARKER and LAURENCE HOUSMAN; **The New Sin.** By B. MACDONALD HASTINGS; **Pompey the Great.** By JOHN MASEFIELD; **Mary Broome.** By ALLAN MONKHOUSE. **Rutherford and Son.** By GITHA SOWERBY. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 5s. each vol.)

THE inclusion of plays by Mr. Shaw and Mr. Galsworthy might alter the quality, but not the scope or outlook, provided by these very representative collections. We have before us pre-war England crystallized in the drama, for though "Abraham Lincoln" could not have been written just as it is but for the war, it gives no indication that we are living in a world horribly changed from the happy Utopia destroyed by the shot at Serajevo. Perhaps, indeed, we are not. Certainly on reading these plays, mostly depressing, one would not wish to go back to 1912; nevertheless the smell of yesterday's dinner seems to linger ominously in the dining-room at to-day's breakfast.

With the exception of Mr. Granville Barker's plays, it is so distinctly yesterday's dinner with which we are faced. For however much we may live in the same way as before the war, we measure things by a different scale. In our best modern work we feel a difference in grasp, which can perhaps be defined as a consciousness of intention. The plays of to-day, even when they are not good, move in a different scale of reality: the age of Mr. Arnold Bennett is not the age of Mr. James Joyce. We no longer seem desperately anxious to discover that bourgeois life is exactly the same as our own, and that hearts just as pure and fair, or as dingy, may live in Upper Tooting or Wigan as in the richer air of Cromwell Road. So "Chains," "Jane Clegg," "Mary Broome," and even the livelier "Hindle Wakes," once alive and kicking, are now as obviously moribund as they are obviously well done. What are they for? we ask. What do they do to us? There appears to be no symbol behind the dreary reality; it ceases to be a reality; our hearts are touched to no issues.

"Rutherford and Son," however, still lives: there is a reality there. Beyond the conditions, which may or may not have changed, there are feelings and passions which do not change. The emotions in the play are expanded beyond the personalities in action. There is something formative, largely because the actual dramatic structure is better. By dramatic structure is not meant "construction" in the usual sense, but the means employed to sway our impulses, to bring us to an attitude which enables us to survey the human scene with freedom and sympathy. For the "dead" plays too are well constructed; in them the authors handle their material with skill and economy, and it is curious to observe how all of them belong to the same school of dramatic technique—the quiet opening, the thoughtful end, the well-made middle—even "The New Sin," which is the least serious and competent, toes the line here. There is never the bravura opening of Elizabethan plays or of Signor Pirandello's "Così è," or the "full close" of Synge or Chekhov, or even Mr. Noel Coward. One never feels, that is, new and urgent thought or feeling bursting out of the old forms. Yesterday's dinner is certainly not like to-day's breakfast as provided, say, by Mr. C. K. Munro or Mr. Richard Hughes. These plays, we can now see clearly, belong to a "period."

What then lives in this period? Of this collection only Mr. Granville Barker's plays. "The Voyage Inheritance" is on an old theme—honour rooted in dishonour—but the people in the play are creations with a vitality of their own, or at all events old Mr. Booth is. With Mr. Barker we are always in the presence of a fine sensibility, and a mind definitely seeking for values. In form his play does not escape the technique of his time: it has the same distressing evenness of pace, and his end is, dramatically, a little unconvincing (without the aid of a piece of very naughty cheating in the stage direction)—but at least Mr. Barker is grasping life for the love of life, he is not simply observing it; he is moulding his material, not merely handling it, as the others are. "Prunella" is a delicate, rather mournful,

disillusioned fantasy—but it is a dangerous play, which would, I feel, need Mr. Barker himself to produce.

"Abraham Lincoln" and "Pompey" are curiously alike. Art—always, I fear, spelt with a capital A, whatever its position in the sentence—is, to their authors, gilt to be painted on the bitter pill of life. But we are not in a position to appreciate tragedy until we can swallow life without gilt. "Abraham" is more alive than "Pompey." It at least has the reality of everyday life, and the will of Lincoln is an active agent in the drama. It is Pompey's lack of will that is the determining element in Mr. Masefield's play: his Pompey is, to use the terms of Glasgow and Russia, a mealy-mouthed Liberal. Qualities by themselves are not enough; it is what people do with them that counts (it is the realization of this which saves Edward in "The Voyage Inheritance"), and in tragedies with heroes, as these two are, it is the will that counts. "Pompey," however, ends better than "Abraham Lincoln": in the first case the death of the hero is the outcome of his character, in the second it is, dramatically, accidental. Both plays belong whole-heartedly to the period of "Georgian Poetry," not to that of "The Waste Land" and "The Thirteenth Caesar."

BONAMY DOBIE.

ALLENBY OF ARMAGEDDON

Allenby of Armageddon. By RAYMOND SAVAGE. With a Preface by the Rt. Hon. DAVID LLOYD GEORGE, P.C., M.P. (Hodder & Stoughton. 20s.)

IN our author's note it is stated that Lord Allenby "has no knowledge whatever of the contents of this book." This at once differentiates it from the flood of personal apologia poured out since the war, but it also detracts, to some extent, from its value. The author had never come into close contact with Lord Allenby until a late stage of the Palestine campaign, and his biographical material is limited, the more so as such letters as have come into his hands have seemed to him too intimate to be used. The result is that, while he makes many statements as to Lord Allenby's characteristics, he never succeeds in building up a living and convincing picture of the man's personality, and his book resolves itself mainly into a narrative of operations in which Allenby commanded or assisted. The narrative in itself is lucid—or would be lucid if it were provided with sketch maps—but is undistinguished in style and quite undocumented. It has neither the personal interest of biography nor the authority of history.

As Commander of the Cavalry Division with the British Expeditionary Force, of the Cavalry Corps at Ypres, and of the Third Army at Arras, Allenby displayed great abilities and performed great services; but a stronger infusion of the personal element is needed to give living interest to the repetition of an oft-told tale. The operations in Palestine are less known, and the account of them here given is worth study. It is a pity that the solitary map is not mentioned in the contents, and may easily remain undiscovered till the reader has waded almost through the book. It goes almost without saying that there is no index.

When we come to the profoundly interesting period of Lord Allenby's High Commissionership in Egypt, we meet with nothing but disappointment. A score of pages covers the whole period. The political analysis is wholly inadequate, ignoring almost completely the root causes of the growth of anti-British sentiment. With regard to Allenby's relations with the British Government, and his attitude towards the Milner Report and the grant of independence, the author can only ask questions which he does not answer. We are told that Allenby acted firmly and justly after the murder of Sir Lee Stack, but no account is given of his measures; we know nothing of what he thought with regard to the terms of the British ultimatum. The inadequacy of this part of the book is the more unfortunate because what we do know of Lord Allenby's tenure of a post made difficult by other people's errors, is to his honour.

It is unpleasant to criticize in this way what has obviously been a labour of love, inspired by genuine admiration for Lord Allenby's achievements and personality; but it is impossible to say honestly that the book is worthy of its subject.

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LITERARY SUPPLEMENT.

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Professor Leonard J. Russell, M.A., D.Ph.

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Full syllabus can be obtained on application to the Director, 88, Kingsway, London, W.C. 2.

THE USEFUL ANNUALS

Who's Who, 1925. (A. & C. Black. 42s.)

Post Office London Directory with County Suburbs, 1926. (Kelly. 70s.)

Kelly's Handbook to the Titled, Landed, and Official Classes, 1926. (Kelly. 30s.)

Debrett's Peerage, Baronetage, Knightage and Companionage. (Dean. 75s.)

No one can fail to see that the books mentioned above are useful—we doubt whether it would be possible to find another four more useful books gathered together on one table. The extraordinary thing about these annuals of reference is the growth of their bulk. We remember the Post Office Directory and "Who's Who" when they were slim and modest volumes. Now this, the 127th, edition of the Directory is a vast volume of 4,000 pages, and "Who's Who" is well over 3,000 pages. The number of distinguished people grows faster than the population, if one may judge from the rapid increase in the bulk of "Who's Who." The same fact seems deducible from the growth of "Kelly's Handbook," which has increased by no fewer than 60 pages since last year, and from that of Debrett's, which now tops 3,300 pages.

We have called these the "useful Annuals," but in fact they are something more. One can get much entertainment from a casual study of the Post Office Directory, and we know few people who, when once they have taken up "Who's Who" or "Kelly's Handbook," can be induced quickly to hand it over to someone else who "just wants to look up Mr. A. or Lady B." As for Debrett's, he must be an unimaginative man who fails to see its fascination.

ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

MR. ARNOLD LUNN is well known to mountaineers, and his new book, "The Mountains of Youth" (Oxford University Press, 10s. 6d.), can be safely recommended to them, though it will also be appreciated by those who do not climb. The book has some admirable photographs.

A travel book, above the average in interest, is "A Walk-about in Australia," by Philippa Bridges (Hodder & Stoughton, 16s.).

"Fuji from Hampstead Heath," by Gonnoské Komai (Collins, 7s. 6d.), is a book of essays, articles, short stories, poems, and short plays by a well-known Japanese writer, resident in London.

"The Fairies up to Date" (Thornton Butterworth, 6s.) contains pictures by Jean de Bosschère, and verses by Edward and Joseph Anthony, the subjects being those ancient stories which never grow old, Little Red Riding Hood, Puss in Boots, &c.

"The Cathedral Churches of England," by A. Hamilton Thompson (S.P.C.K., 8s. 6d.), not only describes the churches architecturally, but also deals with the institutions connected with them.

Two war books just published are "The Story of the 29th Division," by Captain Stair Gillon (Nelson, 15s.), and "The Scots Guards in the Great War, 1914-1918," by F. Loraine Petre, Wilfrid Ewart, and Major-General Sir Cecil Lowther (Murray, 21s.).

Among French books recently received are: "Cinéma" in "Les Cahiers du Mois" (Emile-Paul, 12fr.); "Notes sur la Technique Poétique," by Georges Duhamel and Charles Vildrac (Champion, 10fr.); "L'Homme couvert de Femmes," by Drieu La Rochelle (Nouvelle Revue Française, 9fr.); "La Fée aux Miettes," essai sur le rôle du subconscient dans l'œuvre de Charles Nodier, by Jules Vodoz (Champion, 20fr.).

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Coleridge at Highgate. By LLOYD E. WATSON. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

People have said that Coleridge was a self-indulgent valetudinarian who took opium, not to ease his pains, but to increase his pleasures. "The perpetual cry of ill-health . . . being interpreted, means little less than Opium and Indolence," wrote a TIMES reviewer. On the contrary, says Mrs. Watson, the granddaughter of Coleridge's friend Dr. Gillman, the post-mortem proved that he suffered from a painful disease, a form of dropsy, which had attacked him forty years before his death and caused him ceaseless pain. Not only was his opium-taking excusable, but his fortitude

and sweetness of temper under sufferings which no doctor could then account for, were highly to be admired. Sometimes his "misery," as he called it, was too severe, and he would succumb to complete lethargy; as it lightened he would solace himself with Scott's novels, and directly it lifted he would plunge into the depths of philosophical speculation. Having made good her case, which deserved to be made good, Mrs. Watson draws, chiefly from her grandmother's recollections, a charming picture of a serene, seraphic old gentleman, living in an attic among his books, so that he might gaze at the sunset over Caen woods, descending to dawdle and meander and philosophize along the famous winding paths of the garden, while now he admired a rose, and now a baby. But most of us would sacrifice a little of that sweetness and light for a flash of the inspiration which visited him when he was a homeless vagabond.

The Wonderland of Big Game. By A. RADCLIFFE DUGMORE. (Arrow-smith. 25s.)

This is an unusually interesting and beautiful "big game" book. Mr. Dugmore stalks big game, not with a rifle, but with a camera. He makes one feel that, as he claims, photographing wild beasts is a more exciting, more dangerous, and far "cleaner" sport than shooting them. His book describes two trips through Tanganyika and Kenya. The attempt to film wild beasts in Africa entails immense labour and many disappointments, but success, when it comes, is extremely sweet and gives pleasure to thousands of people besides the stalker. Mr. Dugmore's description of his work and successes is admirable—particularly his account of three amazing days, one when he was able to photograph giraffes drinking, another when a large herd of zebra entered the water near his "blind," and a third where he was able to photograph a family party of rhinoceros. The photographs of the giraffe and zebra, some of which are included in the book, are exceptionally beautiful.

The Bench and the Dock. By CHARLES KINGSTON. (Kegan Paul. 12s. 6d.)

This is yet another pot-pourri of crimes, criminals, and legal stories from the hand of a prolific writer. To those who like a large number of stories, good, bad, or indifferent, to the square foot of printed paper the book may be recommended. Mr. Kingston has wisely gone far afield in order not to retread already well-trodden ground. Some of his best stories are those of Adolphus Williamson of Scotland Yard.

Madame de Pompadour. By MARCELLE TINAYRE. Translated by ETHEL COLBURN MAYNE. (Putnam. 10s. 6d.)

This is a very well written study of the life and character of Madame de Pompadour by a distinguished French writer. The translation is admirable, and the book is finely produced. Its sub-title is "A Study in Temperament," and that accurately describes the author's biographical method. We are given an excellent picture of Madame le Pompadour, of Louis XV., and the curious society of his Court.

Elizabethan Lyrics. Chosen and Arranged by NORMAN AULT. (Longmans. 10s. 6d.)

This is an excellent anthology, arranged, as the author claims, on a new plan. The poems are arranged chronologically, not according to the date of the author's birth, but according "to the date at which each poem first became known to the public for whom the author wrote." The anthology begins with Wyatt's "Forget not yet," written before 1533, and ends with poems written in 1620. The work, which must have entailed considerable research, certainly allows one to see, in the best possible way, the development of the Elizabethan lyric.

Canine Distemper. A Practical Handbook. By LOUIS SAWELL. (Routledge. 4s. 6d.)

This should be a useful book to anyone who keeps a dog. It explains clearly how the disease may be recognized and distinguished, e.g., from influenza, and it gives very good advice on treatment.

English of To-Day. By Professor W. T. WEBB. (Routledge. 3s. 6d.)

A Key to Language. By ISABEL FRY. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d.)

These two books may be recommended to all teachers and students of the English language and grammar. Professor Webb is mainly concerned with the right and wrong use of words. Miss Fry, who is headmistress of the well-known school at Wendover, has invented "a method of grammatical analysis by means of graphic symbols," which is fully and clearly explained in her little book.

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COMPANY MEETING.

CARRERAS LTD.

The twenty-second annual general meeting of Carreras, Ltd., was held on December 18th, at Arcadia Works, City Road, London, E.C.

Mr. Bernhard Baron, chairman and managing director, said:—

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,—Last year I was not able to be present at our Annual Meeting so could not personally congratulate you on the good result which was then reported. That, however, gives me the opportunity of offering you a double congratulation on this occasion, because we have followed up a good year in 1924—which was our Twenty-First Anniversary—with a still better year for 1925.

You will notice from the accounts which have been sent to you that we have an available balance of profit of £889,446, which I believe is a very good showing, and every one of you should be very proud to be shareholders of Carreras Limited. The printed Report shows you how we propose to deal with the amount at our disposal and I need not go into any details regarding the figures. Our business has grown into a very big concern, but as I have said before—and I wish to emphasise it to-day—the whole world is our field of action, and that being so, I am confident that we are far from having reached our limits, and for a long time to come we can hope to see still further extensions of our business both in this country and other parts of the world.

In the meantime, I may tell you that the increase in our business for the two months of the new financial year is eminently satisfactory. I need not go into details and tell you what a great amount of work the directors are doing or give you a detailed account of the financial position of the company. With regard to the first point, the directors are paid for their services, and you may be sure they are working as hard as anyone could work. As to the other point, you have the accounts in front of you which will tell you all about it.

All that I have to say to you is that at my age, with a life-long experience behind me, I am more than satisfied with the work which is being done by the younger generation. My son, Mr. Louis Baron, my grandson, Mr. Edward Baron, our Factory Manager and Director, Mr. Loudon, our worthy Secretary, and every member of the staff are carrying out the work of this business in such a way that I defy anyone to do it better. For this we all ought to be very thankful.

The chairman concluded by moving the adoption of the report and accounts and the payment of a dividend of 50 per cent. per annum, free of tax, making 40 per cent. free of tax for the year, and a bonus dividend at the rate of 2s. per ordinary and "A" ordinary share, free of tax.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

At a subsequent ex-general meeting a resolution was passed increasing the capital to £900,000 by the creation of 120,000 new "A" shares of £1 each.

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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

STOCK MARKETS IN THE NEW YEAR.

LOOKING backwards and forwards, as is customary at the New Year, it is not easy to find on the Stock Exchange many securities the prices of which have not discounted already the probabilities of the near future. British and Indian funds, according to the "Bankers' Magazine," stand 2.9 per cent. lower to-day than they did twelve months ago, which suggests that prices are discounting the prospect of still dearer money (the accumulative effects, in other words, of the premature return in April last to the gold standard). War Loan is 100 7-16 as compared with 101½ at the end of December, 1924, and Conversion 3½ per cent. is 75½ as compared with 78¾. Again, the more hopeful view which may now be taken of the pacification of Europe already finds reflection in the appreciation of the European Reconstruction Loans. The Hungarian 7½ per cent. Loan stands at 101, as compared with 94½ twelve months ago; the Austrian 6 per cent. at 98½, as compared with 95½, and the German 7 per cent. at 103½, as compared with 99. The glaring exception is the Greek 7 per cent. Refugee Loan, which, at the price of 90, appears unduly sensitive to the depreciation in the drachma and the fears of further Government borrowing. A yield of 7¾ per cent. on a security which has the credit of the League of Nations behind it rather than that of the Greek Government, is worth attention. For the ten months ended October 31st the "new" revenues on which the loan is a first charge, amounted to dr. 593,743,283, as compared with dr. 541,397,112 in the corresponding period of the previous year, whereas the service of the loan required only dr. 232,162,500. It is charged also on the surplus of the "old" revenues and on property of the Refugee Settlement Commission. Sooner or later this loan seems certain to appreciate. We understand that the Athens portion of the Greek Refugee Loan will shortly receive a quotation on the London Stock Exchange.

* * *

The past year has seen a decline of 7.2 per cent. in the debenture stocks, and of 15.3 per cent. in the preference stocks of home railways (taking the six stocks listed by the "Bankers' Magazine"), and of 24 per cent. in the ordinary or deferred stocks. Here we think that prices, although well above the lowest levels of the year, may not have discounted either the turn in the tide of trade or the strength of reserves (only £6,450,000 has been taken in the last two years by the four groups from the £30,000,000 which was handed back by the Government for the purpose of assisting dividend payments in this transition period), or the privileged position of the railways under the Railways Act of 1921, which guarantees a return on capital proportionate to the 1914 earnings, or the value of Mr. J. H. Thomas.

* * *

As regards industrial securities, commercial and industrial shares have appreciated by 20.7 per cent., and breweries by 35.3 per cent. in the course of the year. The Stock Exchange has long ago appreciated the prosperity of certain sections of industry, such as tobacco, artificial silk, motor-car manufacturing, electrical manufacturing. Imperial Tobacco shares, for example, at 104s. 6d., show a rise of 16s. 3d.; Courtaulds, at £7, a rise of £3 9-16; Humbers, at 42s. 6d., a rise of 13s. 9d.; Siemens, at 34s. 6d., a rise of 8s. 6d. Present possibilities in these shares seem to be fairly discounted. The rise in Courtaulds is, of course, exceptional, and is due as much to the unique position of the company and its financing as to the prosperity of the artificial silk industry. So much for the "leaders." "Bargains" must be sought among the lesser-known industrial and merchant companies, and we intend to devote some space to the hunt in another issue.

* * *

Selected rubber shares in the past year show, according to the "Bankers' Magazine," a rise of 79.5 per

cent. We do not regard this rise as excessive, seeing that the price of rubber has nearly trebled during the year, while the profit per pound to rubber companies has quadrupled. For capital appreciation, the rubber market, of all the speculative markets, has still the most possibilities. The indiscretions of Mr. Hoover, the American Secretary of Commerce, should be an encouragement for rubber share holders. Mr. Hoover's department stated that American rubber reclamation plants have been so enlarged in the last few months that they will produce in 1926 400,000,000 lbs., as against 170,000,000 in 1924. In 1924 rubber imports into the United States amounted to 900,000,000 lbs. Mr. Hoover would subtract the prospective increase of 230,000,000 lbs. in domestic supplies from the prospective amount of rubber imports. He forgets that practically 3 lbs. of reclaimed rubber are required to replace 1 lb. of crude rubber. In any case, if American tyre manufacturers are going to put shoddy stuff in their tyres, they will merely lose business to their European competitors. That such wild figures should be published by the Department of Commerce is merely damaging to American business and to Mr. Hoover's reputation, but not to the price of rubber, which, despite the holiday season, is showing an upward tendency. American manufacturers have been playing much the same game in the case of tin as in the case of rubber and will reap much the same result, unless there is a definite break in the trade boom on that side of the Atlantic. The "long" position of the tin industry, like that of rubber, is intrinsically sound. There is no likelihood of any large increase in production in the near future, and world stocks are now reduced to a few weeks' supply.



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